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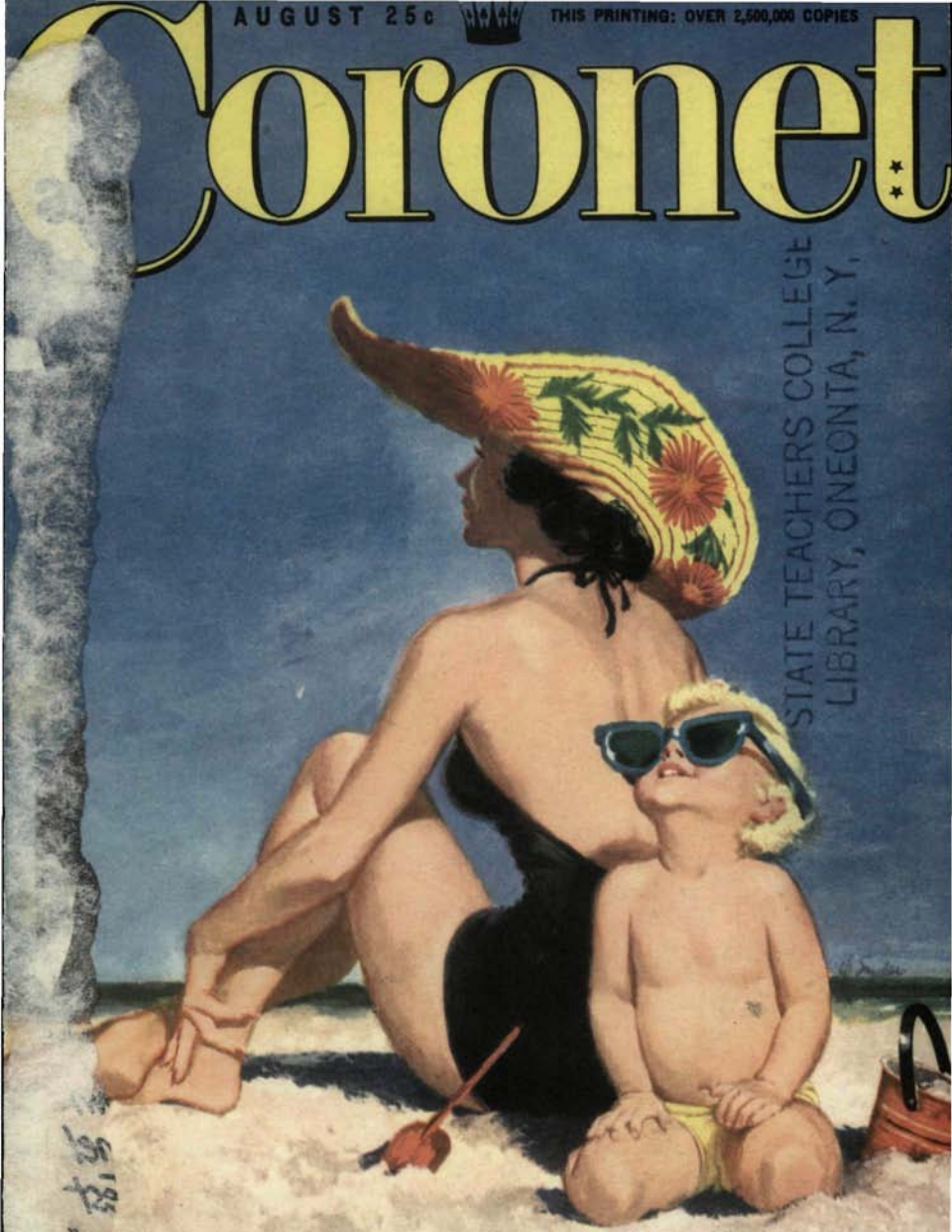

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16 Pages of Dramatic Pictures

MRS. EISENHOWER
The Intimate Story of the General's Wife

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Every slice is perfect! —every bite a thrill!

KRAFT De Luxe SLICES

IN FOUR WAYS THEY'RE FINER FOR CHEESE SANDWICHES

1 BETTER FLAVOR! PERFECT SLICES! By a marvelous new Kraft-patented method the fine process cheese is formed into slices as it comes from the pasteurizers—with extra-good flavor sealed in every one. Every slice is *perfect. No* slivers or "curling" edges.

2 KRAFT-PROTECTED! Right after pasteurization, 8 perfect slices are sealed in a neat ½-lb. package, protected until *you* slit the wrapper.

3 HANDIER! These slices separate so easily it's "almost like peeling a banana." And they keep beautifully —are always ready at a moment's notice for grand cheese sandwiches.

4 FIVE DELICIOUS VARIETIES! Besides extra-mellow Kraft Pasteurized Process American there's *Pimento, Swiss, Brick* and sharp *Old English Brand.* The neat packages are space-savers; keep *several* kinds ready.

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAFT

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For teeth so Sparkling bright!..The answer is **IPANA!**

The answer is Ipana

for cleaner, healthier teeth!

Ipana gets teeth cleaner, uncovers the sparkle of your smile—helps prevent tooth decay. And Ipana's taste and tingle refresh your mouth, sweeten your breath! Get Ipana for your Smile of Beauty!

For a breath that's Sparkling fresh!..The answer is **IPANA!**

A Product of Bristol-Myers

For really cleansing teeth and mouth, the answer is **IPANA!**

REMEMBER—to reduce tooth decay effectively—no other tooth paste (ammoniated or regular) has been proved better than Ipana.

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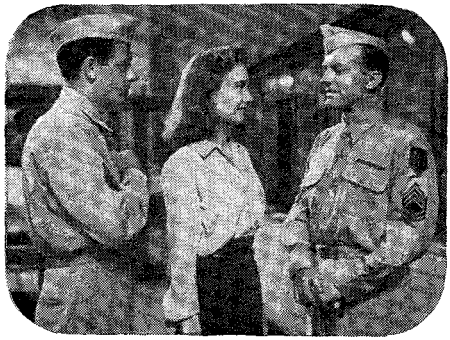
Coronet *Recommends . . .*

"SHOW BOAT"

THE GLORIOUS MUSIC of Jerome Kern made *Show Boat* the biggest and brightest Broadway hit of the 1927 theatrical season and occasioned many Standing-Room-Only revivals. Now brought to the screen by M-G-M, it promises to be one of 1951's top-flight musicals. All the old favorites—*Ol' Man River, Make Believe, Bill, Why Do I Love You?*—are there, sung by Ava Gardner, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, and William Warfield.



"BRIGHT VICTORY"

LONG REGARDED as one of Hollywood's most promising directors, Mark Robson reaches the top rung with this Universal movie. It tells of Larry Nevins (*Arthur Kennedy*) who was blinded in North Africa and learned to participate in the activity around him, to begin to live again, in the Army hospital at Valley Forge. When, at home, he finds pity and false compassion, he returns to the hospital and to the girl who understood.

"A PLACE IN THE SUN"

IN 1906, A SENSATIONAL New York murder trial furnished the newspapers with "hot" copy long after the young man who was accused of drowning his sweetheart had been electrocuted. In 1925, Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*, based on that incident, became a famous best seller. Now Paramount, casting Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters in effective roles, has caught the intensity of Dreiser's dramatic story.

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  Lewiston, Ward's
- **MASSACHUSETTS**
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  Jackson, Elaine Shop
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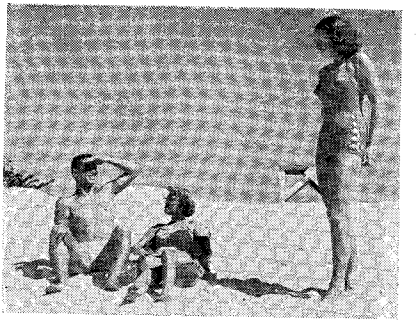
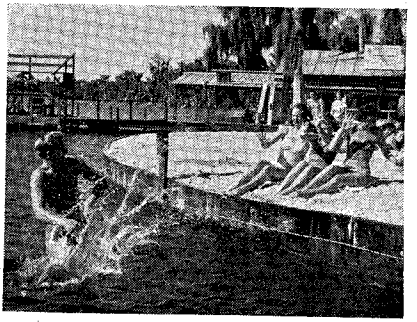
BEACH BEHAVIOR

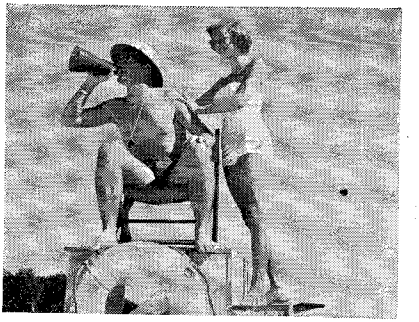
The high board is for diving, not dive-bombing. Before you take that swan dive, be sure that there's no one down below.



Even if ogling isn't offensive to the subject of your scrutiny, you certainly can't expect it to endear you to your date.



Don't let exuberance make you splash everyone in sight. If the water's fine, others will come in of their own accord.



As overseer of beach and bathers, the lifeguard is fully occupied with the safety of others, so don't distract him.

Music doesn't always have charm. If you want to listen to the radio, consider that others may not. Keep it tuned down low.

While you may not want to come back to the beach tomorrow, others may. They'd like to find it as clean as you did.

Photographed at Cypress Gardens, Florida

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Tampax means Happy Relief

from warm pads, from chafing and from odor

Certainly you'll find great relief with Tampax on those inevitable days of the month which are more unwelcome than ever in summer. Tampax sanitary protection is not at all like the other kind. It can't be seen when in use. It can't be felt. It can't interfere with any activity. For Tampax is worn internally and so discards the bothersome belt and heavy pad!

And Tampax can't add a jot or tittle to the heat and discomfort of a humid day. It can't chafe. Can't cause odor to form. May be worn in tub or shower. Ideal when swimming. Further, there are no "edges" to show under thin dresses or scanty play-shorts.... An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton —highly absorbent—compressed into handy applicators. Changing quick. Disposal easy.

Buy Tampax at drug or notion counter. Three different absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply slips into purse. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
FOR MORE ABSORBENCY SUPER TAMPAX
FOR WARNING DAYS JUNIOR TAMPAX
Regular
TAMPAX
Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of The American Medical Association

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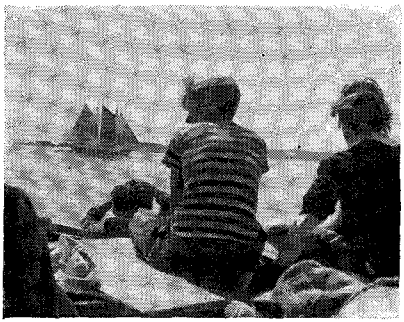
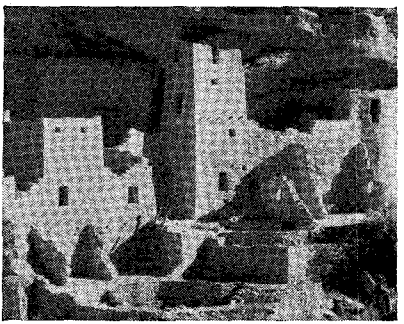
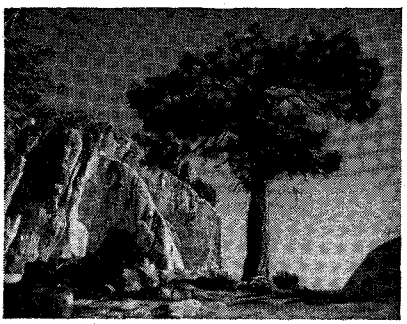
GOING AWAY IN *August?*



Maine: At Rockland's Lobster and Seafood Festival, $1 buys nearly all the fish you can eat. The Skowhegan Fair, oldest in the U.S., colorfully blends tradition (trotting races), thrills (stunt-riding), and glamour (the crowning of Miss Maine). The bass are biting in August, and the yacht races at Camden mark the climax of the boating season.



Colorado: Dude ranches spark vacation time with steak fries and mountain hikes; rodeos capture the Old West's vigor; and the Indian Pageant at Cañon City will inspire you to see the cliff dwellings of Mesa Verde. Here, in homes carved from the Rockies' stone heart, some of the earliest Americans worked and played 1,300 years ago.



California: Ideal for an economical holiday is this fabled land of many lands. In Hollywood's Brown Derby, a movie star may be at the next table. Northward are Monterey's magnificent vistas and the quaintness of Salinas. For theater: the Pasadena Playhouse drama festival. For moments of reflection: Hollywood Bowl concerts under the stars.

Switzerland: Walk through tiny villages cradled in the majesty of the Alps, and travel posters come to life. Sail across lakes of spectacular blue which mirror snow-topped peaks. Towering above all is the Matterhorn, once an insurmountable mountain of mystery. Today, it is a symbol of Switzerland, welcoming climbers from everywhere.

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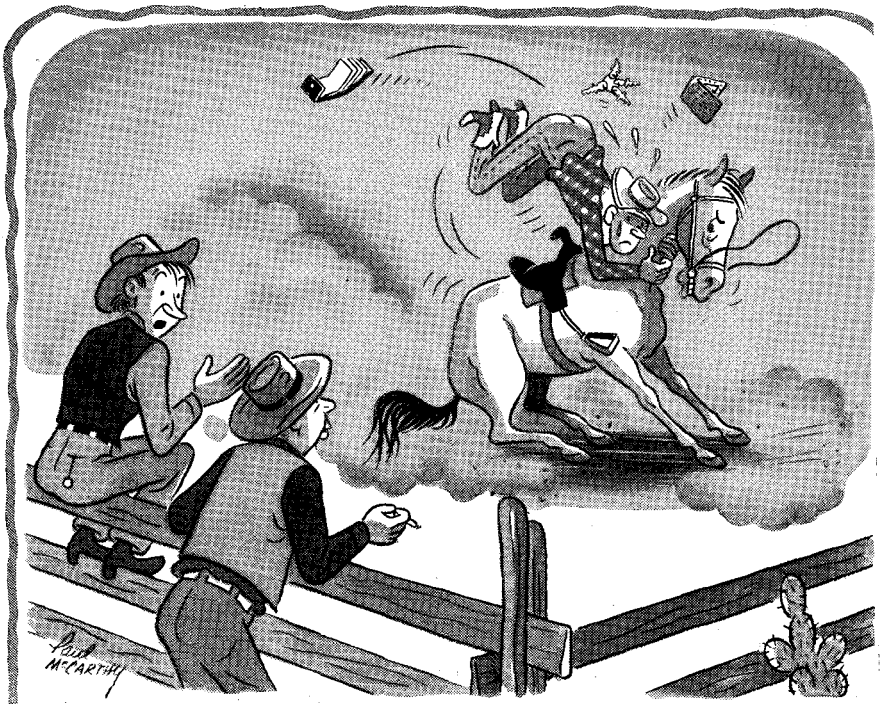

"Pickin's used to be purty good, till all the dudes started to carry American Express Travelers Cheques."

You can't get thrown by losing your money when you carry American Express Travelers Cheques. They're 100% safe—you get a quick refund if they're lost, stolen, or destroyed. And American Express Travelers Cheques are as spendable as cash—anywhere. Just sign them when you buy them and again when you spend them—no other identification needed.

Insist on American Express Travelers Cheques at BANKS, Railway Express and Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per $100.

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EXPRESS YOUR PREFERENCE FOR THE BEST!

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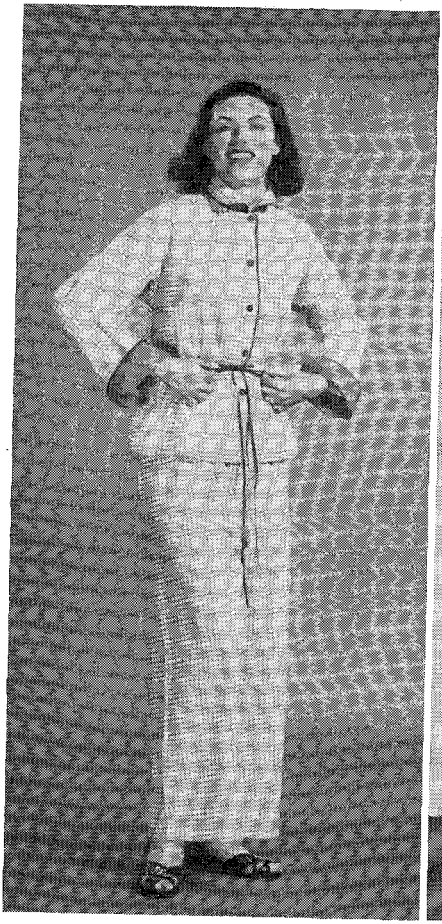

For fall evenings, flannelette pajamas

Pajamas styled for lounging, sleeping

Pretty and Practical

STYLISH ENOUGH to appear in public, these tattersall check pajamas are perfect for armchair reading or television watching. The red of the checks is repeated in the turn-back cuffs and the lining of the collar. Blue piping is an added touch that completes the color picture and the ski-suit feeling.

A MODIFIED GREEK key design on a navy or maroon background makes these rayon pajamas handsome enough to come out of the bedroom. The wide border on the bottom of the coat and the cuffs adds to their look of distinction. Not even a wife could complain about these pajamas in the living room.

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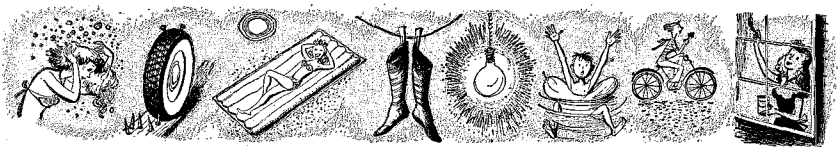
Have You Seen It?

THIS MONTH'S NEW PRODUCTS



SHAMPOO PERMANENT. A cold-wave permanent in a shampoo is the newest modern beautifier. Just shampoo your hair, let the foam stay on for 15 minutes, rinse, and set in pin curls while wet. When it's dry, your hair will have a curl which lasts through three ordinary washings. This amazing liquid shampoo requires no special curlers or neutralizers, actually gets the hair clean while it curls it.

PUNCTURE-PROOF TUBE. Made of Butyl rubber, a new puncture-proof tube will outlast several sets of tires. This tube is made in three layers, with two sealing elements under the tread. The inner layer, composed of soft rubber, flows around a nail or other sharp object to prevent loss of air. The middle layer resists tearing or the enlargement of puncture holes.

COOLING MATTRESS. A new summertime mattress for beach or lawn acts as a cooling agent. Water can be poured just under the surface to keep the body comfortable. Easily inflated by mouth, the mattress can also be used without the liquid air conditioning.

WOOLLIKE SYNTHETIC. A new synthetic fiber has all the good qualities of wool. It won't mat, won't burn, and is impervious to moths. It's being knitted into socks which feel like cashmere, and blankets which are warm, soft, and comfortable. Even when washed in a washing machine, knitted goods made of this fiber won't shrink or become hard. Some enterprising manufacturers have even started to produce low-cost "fur" coats with it.

LIGHT-DIMMER. The amount of light given off by a regular bulb can be regulated with a rheostat which fits any socket. Pull one chain, and the bulb is at full strength; pull the other, and it's a night light for hall, bathroom, or nursery. The gadget merely slips into the ordinary socket.

POCKET LIFE PRESERVER. A life preserver small enough to fit into a pocket can be inflated to a two-foot water wing when it is squeezed. Carbon dioxide, which is enclosed in the plastic wings, does the automatic job of blowing up the life preserver. The tiny pack fastens to bathing suit or clothing with a clip, will support a 250-pound man but can be inflated by a child.

VERSATILE BICYCLE. Adults and children can use the same bicycle, if it's one recently imported from Japan. The two-wheeler is adjustable and, although the wheels are small, the gear ratio gives the results of a grown-up model. For traveling or storing, it can be folded compactly.

GLASS FROSTING. With this frosting which comes in a can, you can now insure privacy by brushing windows or French doors with the liquid. It comes in colors, and forms interesting crystalline designs when dry. The coating allows light to filter through, but prevents anyone on the outside from seeing what is beyond the glass.

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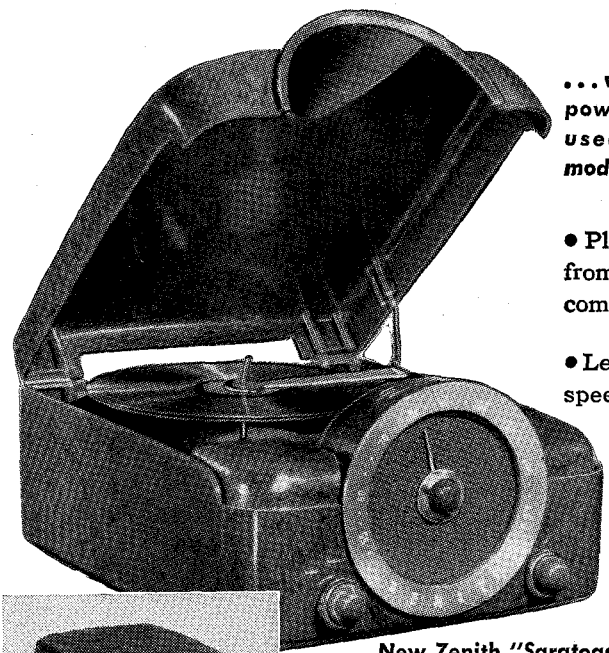
Smart Buy for the Years Ahead!

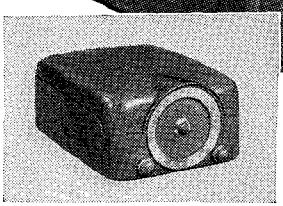
Zenith Quality

COBRA-MATIC Radio-Phonograph



. . . with the largest, most powerful speaker ever used in a Zenith table model Radio-Phonograph.

- Plays all record speeds from 10 to 85, including coming new 16 R.P.M.!
- Lets you adjust to *exact* speed for perfect pitch, tempo, tone quality!
- Plus famous Zenith Long-Distance® radio reception!



New Zenith "Saratoga"® Table Model Combination with Giant 7½ inch Speaker!

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"LONG DISTANCE" RADIO and TELEVISION
THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois
Over 30 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics® Exclusively
Also Makers of Fine Hearing Aids

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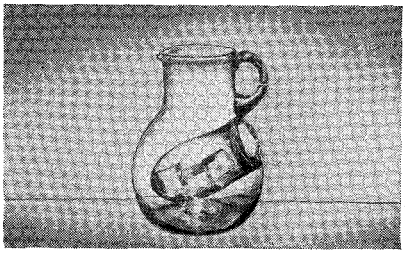
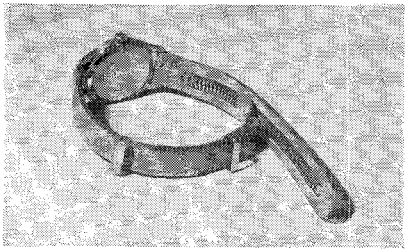
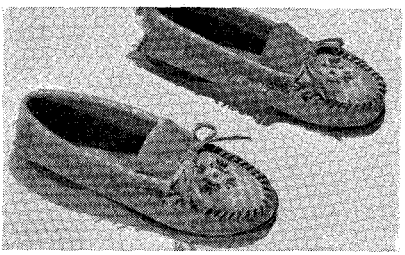
Coronet's Family Shopper



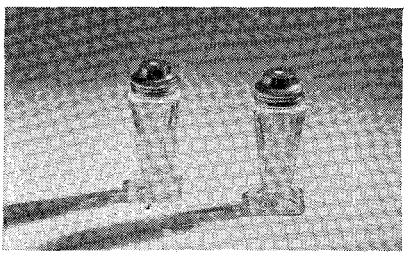
SUMMER DRINKS are cooled by ice cubes in the separate compartment of this hand-blown, two-quart pitcher. Use it all year for juices, water. $3.95. Charm Creations, 2 East 23rd St., NYC 10.



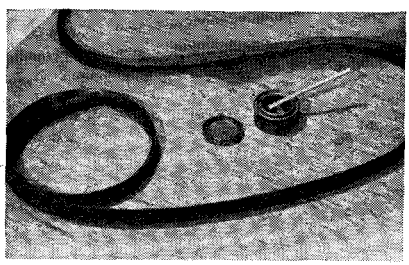
THIS ZIPPER-FASTENED watch band in brown calf or pigskin has no holes to wear out, and easily slides up arm for washing hands. Zipper locks in place. $2.50. Edith Chapman, Nyack, N. Y.



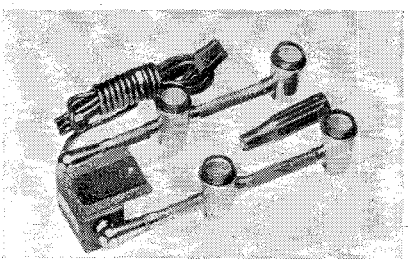
THESE MOCCASINS in natural buckskin finish, with beaded toes and hard or soft soles, are a legacy from the Indians. For men and women; send foot outline. $6.50. Minocqua Mocs, Minocqua, Wis.



TIRED OF TRYING to pour salt in humid weather? These good-looking shakers are equipped with a moisture-absorbing element which reactivates itself. $1.10. Airko Mfg. Co., Clermont, Fla.



RUBBER BASEBOARD, easily installed in kitchen, den, or bathroom, covers cracks, simplifies cleaning. In black, red, green. "Sani Base." $4 for 20 ft. Cass Products, 6127 N. Cicero, Chicago 30.



FOR TAKING PICTURES indoors, this folding four-light unit fits tripod or camera. A dimmer switch controls light intensity, arms can be moved. $14.95, Haber & Fink, 12 Warren St., NYC 9.

Merchandise shown on this page may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Editorial prices (subject to change) are complete except those starred (*) which are shipped F.O.B.

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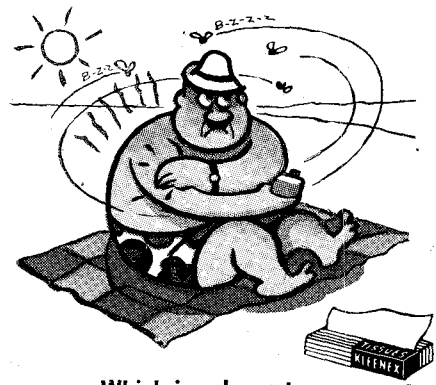
Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?

Can you save washday work with—

☐ *The small fry's help* ☐ *A coaster*

Want a *better* way to get that wash on the line? Tow the load along on a coaster wagon. Saves steps, saves your back. And for loads of uses that can lighten your housework, try soft, sturdy Kleenex tissues. Remember—only *Kleenex* gives you the handy box that *saves* as it serves!

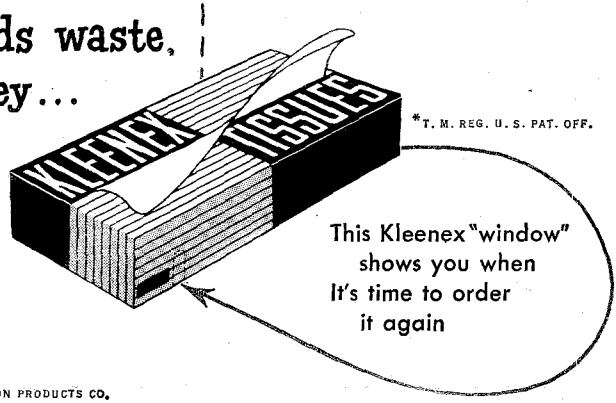


Which is a boon to beachcombers?

☐ *DDT* ☐ *An umbrella*
☐ *A Serv-a-Tissue Box* ☐ *Sunglasses*

All answers are right. Bring a box of Kleenex to the beach. Always a soft, absorbent Kleenex tissue at your fingertips—for removing excess suntan oil, protecting sunburned shoulders. A special process keeps your Kleenex *extra* soft, and no other tissue serves *one at a time*—(not a handful)!

Kleenex* ends waste, saves money...



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Get several boxes when you buy—You'll always have a good supply

This Kleenex "window" shows you when It's time to order it again

© INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.

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Vol. 30, No. 4 Coronet August, 1951
The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

LET'S TAKE OFF OUR MORAL BLINDERS!

by PETER NELSON

IT WAS SEVERAL WEEKS after the big windstorm of November, 1950. The Martins were entertaining some close friends when suddenly Harry Martin asked: "Say, George, how did you ever make out on that storm-insurance claim?"

George grinned shyly: "Well, I got a new roof, fixed that wall that was damaged last year, and—er—made a few dollars. The contractor gave me a watered bill and when the insurance company paid off—well, I kept the difference."

Another man laughed. "Pretty shrewd. Reminds me of the year a neighbor's boy snapped our little cherry tree in half. It was worth only a few dollars, but I got enough from the insurance company to landscape the whole north side of the house."

His wife, who had been listening intently, turned to him. "This is beginning to sound like your expense account, Joe."

"Expense account?" their host snorted. "You mean swindle sheet."

"Listen," Joe said ruefully, "the fellows at the office would complain that I was cramping their style if I only put down what I actually spent on my trips. Besides, that extra money comes in handy for groceries these days."

"You petty swindlers ought to be in the retail business," accountant Wolfe offered. "The way some of my clients have the angles figured out, they can show that they didn't make a penny all year. And no profits—no taxes."

Everybody chuckled.

"You boys hear about those parking tickets I got fixed?" another husband asked casually, but with a look of pride.

"Did you really do that?" someone asked eagerly.

"Sure. All I had to do was play host for a political rally at my house. The candidate said he could fix a ticket, and any other stuff like that."

Although the conversation went on for another hour, the group still hadn't exhausted their tales of quick dollars and easy virtues.

Do you know Harry Martin and

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his friends? Certainly you do. America has many people like them. They are everywhere—good citizens and good parents, trusted employees, officers of civic associations, generous contributors to the Community Chest. Your children play with theirs. At a baseball game, they are the people who fill the grandstands and the bleachers. When you talk about the "American people," these are the kind of people you mean.

Any one of them would be shocked and hurt if you said he was dishonest. But the self-evident truth is that they—and many other equally good Americans—have long since entered the vast shadowland of "noncriminal criminality."

These people are not thieves, pickpockets, swindlers, or arsonists. Their living does not depend on illegal acts which serve no constructive community purpose. In fact, if you told Harry Martin's friend George that insurance companies lose millions of dollars annually through fraudulent claims, he would be shocked.

But when George gets the chance to make his insurance company pay for some repairs on his house, and earn a few dollars to boot, George can put on moral blinders and send virtue flying out the window.

ALTHOUGH THE CRIME BILL in America for frauds, burglaries, embezzlements, and similar crimes runs to $7,000,000,000 annually, there can be no doubt that the petty swindles of Harry Martin's friends are astronomically higher. So much so, that an accurate estimate would be impossible.

Listen to an internal-revenue expert: "Each year, the government loses at least $1,500,000,000 through what we charitably call 'honest mistakes' in income-tax returns. More than 14,000,000 come in with errors ranging from petty to flagrant. Yet you couldn't say that we've got 14,000,000 crooks filing returns."

Listen to a warehouse supervisor: "My men take tools, clothing, odd bits of merchandise. They'd quit if I told them they were stealing. 'From who?' they'd ask me. All they know is that they work for some big, mysterious corporation—and it's no money out of anybody's pocket."

Listen to an executive from a large Midwest department store: "Our employees take home substantial amounts of perfumes, drugs, sports equipment, groceries, sweaters, socks, ties, shirts, pants—and there's almost nothing we can do about it, even though we operate a detective service."

Listen to the proprietor of an expensive Eastern restaurant: "Each night my place is filled to capacity. Well-to-do people eat here. But between the customers and my help, I lose a young fortune every year. The customers take silverware, even dishes. The employees take slabs of bacon, pounds of butter, expensive cuts of steaks, and other foods. Once I put detectives at the doors, but the customers were so indignant, they threatened to boycott the place. When the workers found out, they almost went on strike."

Go from industry to industry, town to town, state to state. You find that business pays a staggering $220,000,000 annually for insurance, watchmen, and other protective services—to guard against professional and "amateur" criminals. You begin to see also the little rips

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in the fabric of our vaunted morality. They grow and spread. The clear image of our national decency becomes smudged.

In the West, a new ornament for an automobile comes out, and youngsters begin to pry them loose to put on their bicycles. In the East, New Yorkers laugh at the disappearance of the city's street-corner trash baskets. But think a moment: is a situation involving the theft of private and public property really so funny?

We Americans are a self-indulgent people. We chuckle about things like that—until a group of basketball players ("clean, decent boys") are ensnared in one of the most sordid sports scandals of all time. We laugh—until a boy who began stealing auto ornaments winds up on trial for stealing a car.

It's all a big joke—until our own sons and daughters are forced to pay the price for our own blindness, for the easy immoral values we have, all unknowingly, foisted on them.

Take Ed Nicholson, a buyer in a large department store. Ed is past 40, tall, gray-haired—the kind of man you would call "distinguished." And, in his way, Ed is distinguished. He is an officer in the Parent-Teacher Association. He is vice-chairman of his civic group, and he likes to read "good" books. Once, his friends talked of nominating him for councilman on a local reform ticket.

A few weeks ago, Ed came home and set a large package down on the dining-room table. His wife couldn't help noticing how his eyes shone as he gazed at it.

"What's in it, dear?" she asked.

"Wait till you see!" he exulted.

He tore off the wrappings and revealed a handsome mantel clock, set in the rich mahogany of a ship's wheel. "Ed," his wife breathed, "it's lovely. But it must have cost a fortune. Can we afford it?"

"We certainly can. It didn't cost us a cent. I took it from the stockroom. It's got a scratch somewhere on the base and it has been laying around for months. So we might as well put it to good use."

Nicholson virtually glowed with pride over his achievement.

"Golly, dad," said 12-year old Tommy, "that was clever. It's sure a keen clock."

"The word is 'surely'," Nicholson corrected him. "But it *is* keen."

Ed Nicholson, who would probably knock you down if you called him a thief, thus permitted himself to become part of an all-pervading atmosphere of moral decay. By bringing home an expensive clock that was "just laying around," he denied the virtue inherent in the uniquely American credo that "you work for what you get and get what you work for."

To his son Tommy, Ed was saying, as though he spoke the words: "There's nothing wrong with my taking this clock; nothing wrong with keeping towels from a hotel room; nothing wrong with taking stamps home from the office; nothing wrong with cheating on your income tax."

Maybe Tommy won't ever reach into his mother's purse for a quarter to go to the movies; maybe he won't climb a fence and steal a ripe watermelon; maybe he won't slyly pocket a piece of penny candy at the corner store; maybe he won't swipe a toy from the Five and Ten. But if he does any of these things,

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his course will have been charted. He will have had an example set for him right in his home.

Perhaps if the example came from only one direction, the problem would not be so acute, the results not so deadly. But Tommy Nicholson has heard of many more acts which just border the dark edges of dishonesty. When he gets older he will hear of shrewd political "deals" which reek of underworld corruption. He will learn the meaning of words like payoff, gravy train, pork barrel, five per center. And he will learn that these words don't apply to criminals.

They will be written and spoken about men who have maneuvered their way into your city government and mine, into state and Federal government offices. They will be written about the men who often make the laws, men who have presumed to set the pattern of our do's and don'ts.

And there can be no doubt that all of these factors will shape Tommy's attitudes towards the law, just as they have shaped the attitudes of many of us.

It's no wonder that, in such an atmosphere, young athletes—certainly not criminals—conspire to throw basketball games so that gamblers can make a killing. It's no wonder that officials in government and industry—witness the recent RFC scandals—conspire to make mutually profitable "arrangements." It's no wonder that certain respectable businessmen forsake honor and enter into lucrative enterprises with outright racketeers.

Each time such actions take place, we have further torn our ethical fabric. Unfortunately, more and more people are taking the path to "easy money" and more and more people are impressed with this "something for nothing" way of thinking.

This "El Dorado" complex has persisted throughout U.S. history. It stems from the earliest adventurers who came here seeking streets paved with gold and jewels.

In the days of the frontier, fortunes were made and lost overnight. The California gold rush and the Klondike stampede embellished the "get-rich-quick" ideology. Land and stock speculations, the public-lottery craze of the 1820s and 1830s, all played their part in creating a countertheme to our normal American values. Today, such factors as the fabulous radio giveaways, $100,000 prize contests, Irish sweepstakes, gambling—all help sustain this easy-money philosophy.

Traditionally, we express shock at these attitudes. Yet millions of us fall into the trap they create. As columnist Walter Lippmann once wrote: "The high level of lawlessness in America is maintained by the fact that Americans desire to do so many things which they also desire to prohibit."

And this penetrating observation sharply spotlights the terrible conflict which besets us. On the one hand, we are a highly moral people and set ideal standards for ourselves. On the other hand, we not only suffer from one of the world's highest crime rates, but millions of us are infected with the "noncriminal criminal" complex which we blithely condone in our own lives and in those of our friends.

We even have a certain grudging admiration for the "fixer," for the

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"influence-peddler," for the "man who gets away with murder." It is the "unexpectedly crooked," as a columnist has put it, that shocks us. The basketball scandals rocked America because they occurred in a relatively sacred realm. The Teapot Dome scandal rocked America because a group of politicians brazenly filled their pockets with funds from the public till.

Now we hear about further scandals in government, about fixers in Washington, about the Kefauver hearings which exposed fraud and corruption in politics. These events are "investigated." They make front-page stories for a while—and then they die down.

Out of them, however, there comes no resounding call to moral arms. There is no vast popular stirring to "turn the rascals out." We have grown flabby and easygoing about our values.

Yet we must fight this decay, not only all around us but within ourselves. We must fight the "something-for-nothing" moral disease which breeds both the "noncriminal criminals" and the criminals. We must all embark on a vast ethical crusade—a crusade which must begin at home and spread as far as the infection of immorality has gone.

We don't have to wear permanent halos to be a force for good. All of us, in our families, in our schools, in our work, in our churches, should begin now—today—to take more pride in ourselves, to demand decency and honor in our own conduct and in that of others.

This is one of the most vital crusades for our time—a crusade which holds a promise of honor and well-being for ourselves, for our children, and for our nation. Can we—can you—meet this challenge?

In the Good Old Summertime

We wonder where flies go in the winter. And why the devil they don't go there in the summer, too. —Elroy (Wis.) *Leader-Tribune*

No matter how cluttered your neighbor's garage, there's always room for one mower . . . especially if it happens to be yours.
—Kent Ruth

A housewife on Arthur Godfrey's program gave this recipe for iced tea: "First you make hot tea, then you pour it on ice to make it cold. Next you put in sugar to make it sweet, then you put in lemon to make it sour." —Mrs. Louise Steiner

The farmer can now obtain insecticides with which to cope with almost all kinds of pests except uninvited Sunday dinner guests from the city. —Chicago *Tribune*

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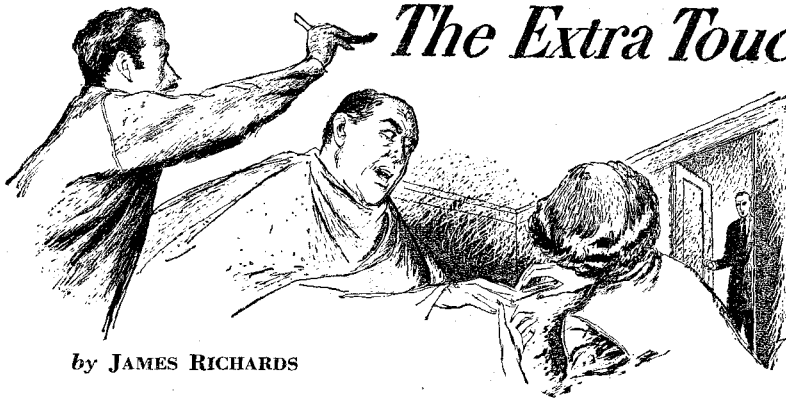
The Extra Touch



by JAMES RICHARDS

For a side of Hollywood you don't find in the fan magazines, read this ironic story

ABE MOVED HURRIEDLY out of the wardrobe building and took the short cut behind the stars' dressing rooms to the studio barbershop. The California sun showered softly over his graying head and he was glad for its warmth on his thin, bent body. He was glad that the day was fine. Bessie would like that.

Already, he reflected, she would be out in the patio of their small home in the Valley, dusting and arranging the homemade yard furniture, cutting the sweet peas, preparing everything for the party tonight—a small gathering of friends and lots of good talk.

It wasn't the fanciest way in the world to celebrate a 35th wedding anniversary, he admitted. Most studio people in Hollywood did that sort of thing up big; only last week Dick Wilken had taken over an entire country club to celebrate his 35th. As Abe thought about Dick, the lines of gentle but persistent frustration seemed to become more visible across his tired face.

Brightly costumed extras, commissary-bound for lunch, jostled Abe as he walked along. Just ahead of him he glimpsed the Big Man, the topmost figure in the studio hierarchy, striding into his private dining room, followed by the entourage that was always at his heels.

Stars flickered through the scene, but Abe scarcely noticed them. The business held little glamour for him after 30 years, and long ago, about the time he realized he was never to occupy a high niche in the industry, he had ceased being impressed by Very Important People.

He paused outside the neat stucco barbershop. Four of the five chairs were filled and no one was waiting. There was just time to slick up real nice for the celebration and still get back to wardrobe, to work on the costumes for the new Western that would start shooting next week.

Abe entered the shop and nodded pleasantly to the black-eyed, mustachioed barber at the First Chair. It was unoccupied, but he did not

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step into it. He walked, instead, to the rear of the shop to wait for one of the other chairs to be vacated.

His action was automatic. There was a tacit understanding that the First Chair was reserved for executives, producers, actors, and writers. A friend of Abe's had once said that a man had to have surtax trouble before he could qualify to sit in the First Chair. Abe reported his income on the short form.

He eased onto a bench. He was tired. Age weighed him down—age and unachieved ambitions, the nagging kind that lined one's face. Bessie always told him he was wrong to think about that sort of thing, but women couldn't quite understand. After a time, they wanted a man to accept and be content, but it wasn't that easy. There was always that dissatisfaction and emptiness in him, the emptiness of a goal unattained.

Suddenly the door swung open and the mustachioed guardian of the First Chair snapped to attention like a scissoring soldier.

"Mr. Wilken!"

Abe had seen this happen many times before. Some people resented it, but he didn't, particularly where his old friend was concerned. The jowly, expensively attired man who had just entered the shop stepped into the First Chair with all the aplomb of One Who Belonged.

Immediately the barber was gliding around him like a dancer, meticulously adjusting the sheet around the ample neck. The blonde manicurist dipped a Wilken hand tenderly into her chrome bowl.

His old friend fitted the chair quite well, Abe thought. But let Dick have it; he had earned it. How many pictures had gone out to the public under the banner "Produced by Richard O. Wilken"? Thirty or forty, maybe more.

You had to hand it to Dick. Two men started out together in the same studio with the same high hopes and ambitions. One had made the grade, one hadn't, and they had drifted away from each other, their lives as far apart as the poles.

The motion of the manicurist's hand, expertly manipulating the buffer, caught Abe's attention and he suddenly thought that it might be sort of nice to have a manicure for the celebration tonight. A fancy extra touch—a Wilken touch. Then, he discarded the thought quickly. He couldn't afford a manicure.

WHILE ABE WAITED, the First Chair was the hub of frenetic activity. Barber and manicurist scissored and buffed like well-geared machines. The great Richard O. Wilken took incoming telephone calls one after another, each seemingly posing some vital production problem that couldn't be put off for a haircut, shave, and manicure. Once Abe caught Dick's eyes on him, but there was no sign of recognition in them. He felt no resentment, however. For some time now he had known, whenever they ran into each other, that Dick was preoccupied. It was that way with a busy, important man.

The second chair was vacant now. Abe looked at his watch. No time left for a shave. "Just a haircut," he said, getting into the chair.

The barber was pinning the sheet around him when it happened. The door swung wide, the violent motion setting up a blast of air greater

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even than what had been precipitated by the entrance of Richard O. Wilken. The barber at the First Chair, in the act of shaving his customer, stood stock-still, his razor poised in mid-air. The manicurist dropped her emery board and sat rigid on her stool.

Then Abe saw him—the Big Man—striding through the door, followed by his fawning entourage. Without breaking stride he moved relentlessly toward the First Chair. Abe could almost taste the tension in the shop.

No scissors clicked and no razors scraped for five or ten seconds. Then, disbelievingly at first, Abe was aware that Richard O. Wilken, the barber sheet still draped around him, his face half-covered with lather, was leaping from the First Chair. In his haste he lost his balance and almost fell. Righting himself awkwardly, he gestured toward the vacated chair and said to the Big Man, "Go ahead, I'm in no hurry. No hurry at all."

The producer of thirty or forty great pictures was still talking to the Big Man when Abe heard his own barber questioning him. "Just a haircut, you say?"

Abe hesitated. In the mirror he saw the reflection of himself, sitting securely in his chair, and the reflection of the Big Man, enthroned right next to him. And there was Dick, too, the barber sheet hanging askew, his face almost grotesque under the already drying lather.

In that moment a warmth greater than the sun's rays on that California day began to spread over Abe. It was as if a curtain had been lifted from before his tired old eyes, and he was seeing what had been there all the time.

Suddenly the ache and the emptiness and the dissatisfaction were gone and in their place was a deep rich sense of understanding and grateful acceptance, and the knowledge that Bessie had been wonderfully patient with him through the years. She would be glad to hear what he had to tell her.

Abe turned to speak to his barber. As he did so, again the manicurist, now idle, crossed his view. Maybe he should have that manicure after all, he thought, for tonight was going to be just about the biggest thing in his life.

Then, smiling quietly, he replied, "Yes, just the haircut." With what he had, he didn't need a fancy extra touch.

Jackpot

I FINALLY HIT a jackpot last night, something I've been trying to do for weeks. I was just lucky, I guess. There was no meeting I absolutely had to attend, no rehearsal, no committee meeting, so I stayed home. For those who weren't so fortunate, I can report that it's a great experience. You get to play with the children, listen to the radio, talk with your wife, read, and fall asleep in your favorite chair. I repeat, it's great. Sometime I hope to have enough time to take up membership in the organization known as the Home.

—LENA (ILL.) *Star*

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A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller

A Man of Few Words

BACK IN THE DAYS when Mark Twain was piloting boats up and down the Mississippi, the Rock Island Railroad decided to build a bridge across the great span between Rock Island, Illinois, and Davenport, Iowa. The steamboat companies were prospering. Wheat and a few surplus products which our early settlers were able to produce were trekked to the Mississippi by ox teams and high-wheeled wagons, then shipped down river.

The steamboat owners, fearing serious competition if the railroad succeeded in building the bridge, sought an injunction to prevent its construction. Result: a big lawsuit. After the bridge had been built, the entire question came up again when a steamboat hit the span. The wealthy steamboat owners hired Judge Wead, a well-known river lawyer; and soon the case became one of the most important in the history of transportation in the U. S.

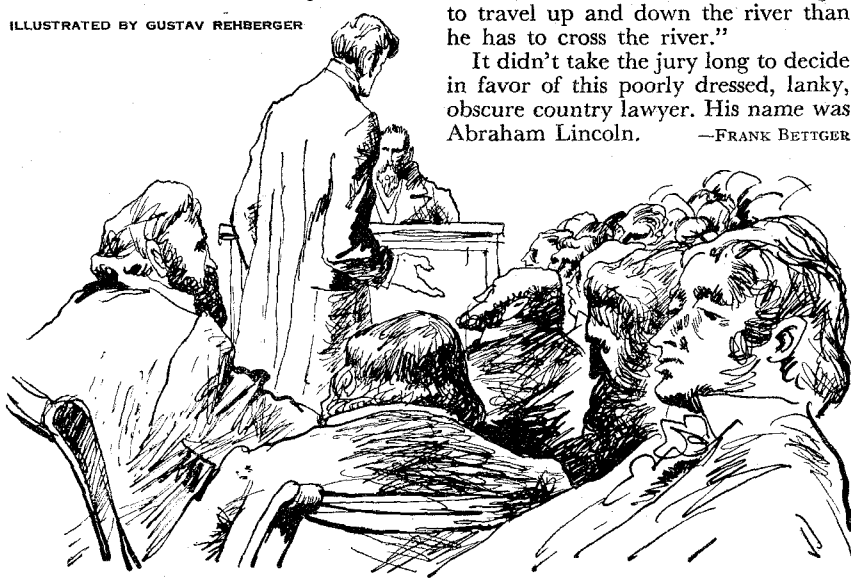
On the closing day of the trial, the courthouse was jammed. Judge Wead, making his final talk, held the crowd spellbound for two hours. He even hinted of a dissolution of the Union because of the controversy. Loud applause followed his eloquent oration.

When the lawyer for the Rock Island Railroad arose to speak, the audience felt sorry for him. Did he talk two hours? No! One minute. Here is substantially what he said:

"First, I want to congratulate my opponent upon his wonderful oration. I have never heard a finer speech. But, gentlemen of the jury, Judge Wead has obscured the main issue. After all, the demands of those who travel from East to West are no less important than those who navigate up and down the river. The only question for you to decide is whether a man has more right to travel up and down the river than he has to cross the river."

It didn't take the jury long to decide in favor of this poorly dressed, lanky, obscure country lawyer. His name was Abraham Lincoln. —FRANK BETTGER

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAV REHBERGER



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Six Rules of Love to Hold a Husband

by DR. GEORGE W. CRANE

(Noted Columnist and Marriage Consultant)

An authority on marriage tells how to deal with the problem of the straying husband

THEY ARE nice people, the neighbors will tell you, and their home is nice, too—a Cape Cod cottage in a suburb of a large city. Ralph is employed in an accounting firm; Louise, his wife, used to be a lawyer's secretary. However, she hasn't worked since they had their first child (they have two children now, a girl and boy, aged nine and six).

At least, she hasn't worked at a salaried job. At home she works constantly, looking after the children, cooking, house cleaning, even finding time to participate in community activities. A splendid wife, Louise—in her early thirties now and still pretty. Everyone wishes her and her husband the best of luck.

At the moment they need all the luck they can get, for, strangely enough, this well-ordered, typically American relationship of theirs is on the verge of collapse. It has fallen victim to an experience so commonplace—or "common," as Louise calls it—that its mere occurrence to *them* is a kind of insult.

Ralph has been having an affair with a secretary in his office and his wife has found out about it. "But how could you possibly do a thing like that?" she demands tearfully. "What *made* you do it?"

Ralph sullenly replies that he doesn't know.

"But you *must* know!" Louise insists. "I don't care how infatuated you were, you had to make a choice! You *must* have realized all you were sacrificing! . . ."

Goaded into speech, Ralph at last tells her how it happened. She is right: he did make a choice. Furthermore, he felt justified because, with all they had in common, one supremely important thing had been disappearing from their marriage. At the risk of losing everything else, he had sought this thing in his affair with the secretary.

"Sex!" Louise exclaimed with disgust when she came to my office for advice. "It was nothing but that. I can hardly bear to look at him any more, Doctor. I feel as though I'd been living with a stranger!"

The incident seemed to her

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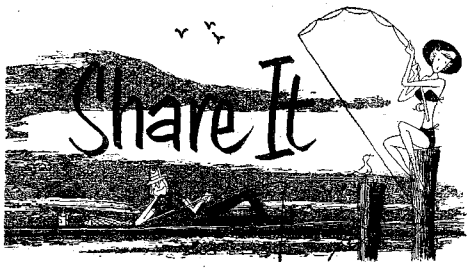

he was sure of three meals a day and a wonderful chance to learn English. He kept his ears wide open to every word of conversation between cooks and waiters in the kitchen. For six months Fernandito ate well and listened to every word.

At last he felt confident enough to walk down Broadway and test his proficiency in his new language. To his utter astonishment, he seemed unable to make anyone understand a word he said.

Poor Fernandito—he had made a grave mistake. He had gotten a job in a Greek restaurant. —*Swing*

ON EDDIE CANTOR'S program, a woman in the script complained that her husband never noticed that she was wearing a new gown—though he'd go wild over the same creation worn by another woman. She wondered why.

To explain things, Eddie called on the wisdom of Confucius who allegedly said about that very situation: "Man who fails to notice new gown on wife not unusual. Once men know what's in the package they don't care how it is wrapped!"

—JACK SHAFER (*General Features Corp.*)

TIME WAS when the newspaper photographer confronted by the great man who refused to have his picture taken pulled the old sob story, "If I don't get your picture, the boss will fire me." But that is not today's way.

In Rochester, New York, a visiting celebrity declined to be photographed, whereupon the photographer casually replied, "That's all right, sir, I believe we have one in our files of you at some bathing beach with a blonde!"

He got the picture! —SIDNEY TENNANT

"HOW ABOUT signing up for a straight life policy?" suggested the insurance salesman.

"Not just yet, I'm afraid," said the prospect a bit sheepishly. "To tell you the truth, I still like to step out once in a while."

—FRANCIS GOLDEN, *Laughter is Legal* (Frederick Fell)

TWO EXPLORERS met in the jungle and were exchanging confidences over the light of their campfire.

"I came out here," said one, "because the urge to travel was in my blood. I wanted to see the sun rise over new horizons, to leave my footprints on unmarked sands, see Nature in the raw. Tell me, why did you come here?"

"Why?" said the second explorer. "My daughter is learning to play the piano!" —SALLY BROSSARD

Why not be a contributor to "Grin and Share It"? It's easy, it's fun, and it's profitable! Just send along that funny story you heard or read, telling us its source—newspaper, magazine, radio program. Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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South Dakota FINDS ITS PAST

by PAUL FRIGGENS

In the Upper Missouri valley, a grass-roots crusade has rekindled the pioneer spirit

THE HIT OF THE South Dakota State Fair at Huron two years ago was a picture of grandma. It seemed almost too real for a picture, this tired young pioneer mother, sitting alone on the wind-burned Dakota prairie, watching over her sleeping baby in the shade of an old umbrella. Yet her chin was up and she faced the future with a look that said resolutely: "Some day we will make this a *better* place to live!"

Men and women fair visitors returned again and again. They brought their children and told them with suddenly awakened pride: "See, this is how Grandma looked when she came here by ox team with Grandpa."

The painting that so moved people was Harvey Dunn's "Dakota Woman," first oil canvas many had ever seen. Its familiar surroundings —the rolling prairie, unpainted buildings, tumbleweeds, and buffalo grass—had meaning that touched the heart.

Studying "Dakota Woman," the people of South Dakota were reminded that they shared America's proud pioneer heritage, that everything they have today they owe to the brand of courage and self-reliance which has always made this country great. They even discovered that the man who could paint so powerfully had driven oxen and broken Dakota sod until he was 17!

This revival of interest in pioneer times grows out of a unique experiment to help an entire region, extending from Iowa to Montana, discover its roots in the past in its own back yard. The idea was born in the mind of Leland D. Case, a Chicago editor, during the dust storms and depression of the '30s.

Case had grown up in the rip-roaring Black Hills country, son of a circuit-riding pastor. He became editor of an international magazine for 340,500 Rotarians, but kept his roots deep in his home state.

During the '30s, Case first noticed that something was happening to South Dakota. Drought, hard times,

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"black blizzards," and WPA psychology were giving a once-proud state an inferiority complex. Young folk, disillusioned, were fleeing to greener pastures.

The Chicago editor enlisted the interest of former South Dakotans everywhere. Clinton Anderson, now U. S. Senator from New Mexico, was among the first. Son of Swedish immigrants who homesteaded on Dakota's prairies, Anderson agreed that something should be done to fortify youth for the future.

In California, two noted authors felt the same way—Hamlin Garland, who had gotten his start on a homestead near Aberdeen, and Stewart Edward White, who owed his first two novels to the Black Hills where he had joined the gold rush. Distinguished Americans elsewhere became interested.

So it happened that, in the prairie town of Mitchell, an extraordinary group launched an unusual, nonprofit organization whose sole aim is to rekindle the pioneer spirit. They called their organization Friends of the Middle Border.

"Middle Border" country is roughly the Upper Missouri valley, where the frontiers of the homesteader, prospector, and cattleman met head-on during the roaring '80s. No region in the U. S. has a richer heritage—or one less appreciated by its own people.

"The FMB movement came right out of the grass roots in good old American style," historian James Truslow Adams said shortly after its founding.

FMB had scant funds, yet it scorned appealing to the WPA or other Federal agencies, preferring to fall back on the old pioneer philosophy: *From what we have, we strive to make what we want!*

Since the old-timers were dying fast, first step was to gather all the records, art, literature, lore, and memorabilia of the frontier that could be found.

The word went out. From his Manhattan studio, Harvey Dunn responded with "Dakota Woman." A small Methodist institution at Mitchell—Dakota Wesleyan University—offered a classroom for a museum and art gallery.

Treasures from attics and storerooms flooded in: rare pioneer diaries, faded but priceless photographs, tunes the homesteaders hummed, buffalo guns and flintlocks, arrows shot at Custer's last stand, even an invitation to a vigilante hanging! Garland, White, and others contributed the original manuscripts of their early books on Dakota.

The museum soon bulged with so much treasure that a lot of it had to be displayed in Dakota Wesleyan's corridors.

People who thought you had to go to Minneapolis or Chicago for art found a gallery of surprises. They learned that a century ago the great Indian painter, Catlin, had done his finest work while roaming Dakota's prairies. Likewise, Audubon; the rollicking cowboy artist Charley Russel; and Frederic Remington, whose pictures of cowboy-and-Indian fighting became classics of American art.

NOT LONG AFTER the museum was opened at Mitchell, a group of school children crowded before the richly colored Dunn paintings while their teacher explained that the

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artist knew how to milk cows as they did, and as a boy lived not far from their homes. Third-grade girls vied for a chance to rock a clumsy, homemade cradle from grandma's day; and boys in the eighth grade handled some of the rare old guns of the frontier.

A few days later, the FMB secretary received a letter written in a childish hand. He opened it to discover a postal money order. The letter said: "We have collected this money from our class to help build a bigger museum. We didn't know there were such things to see."

This summer, the first unit of Middle Border Village, re-creating an entire pioneer settlement, arose just off U. S. Highway 16 in Mitchell. An old-timer broke ground with a shovel used in the Black Hills gold rush of '76. The initial unit will cost $45,000, raised by voluntary gifts. With typical pioneer ingenuity, it is being built of rammed-earth walls and prairie stones.

Middle Border Village's purpose will be to project the FMB program of self-reliance into the schools, homes, and lives of the five million people who dwell in the Upper Missouri valley.

Already a young, progressive teacher is beginning to do this. Dakota-born Robert Pennington, executive secretary of FMB, is incorporating the program into the Dakota Wesleyan curriculum by giving the first course ever devoted strictly to Middle Border history.

Pennington tries to bring out the student's own personal relation to history. As one student explained: "Right now, I'm researching my grandmother!"

Another instructor at Wesleyan is a talented young Sioux, Oscar Howe, who is doing much to preserve the dying culture of his people. Only the very old members of the Seven Council Fires know the sacred symbols of Sioux art. Howe is gathering these from the wizened patriarchs of the plains.

Thus the vast Upper Missouri River region is being inspired to find out more about its past and to build for a greater tomorrow. With volunteer dollars and old-fashioned American resourcefulness, the people are kindling a new pride in the place where a man lives. They know that a country's strength, after all, is the soil and the towns where a person puts down his roots.

Seasonal Symptoms

Summer boarders often find that mosquitoes put more clothes on people than modesty does. —ALGONA (Iowa) *Advance*

August is a beautiful vacation month—except for those who went in July. —*Christian Science Monitor*

A special message for vacationers: what makes you so sure you turned off the gas? —JACK PAAR

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America Has ACE SPIES, Too

by TRIS COFFIN

Some of the nation's best brains work for CIA, a new agency in our security program

ONLY A FEW PEOPLE, and they are pledged to secrecy, know that The Enemy lives in buildings sprawled on a hilltop in downtown Washington. In the locked and guarded desks are detailed plans of The Enemy. In the message room, reports of life behind the Iron Curtain are decoded.

The head of this strange establishment, a lean and keen-witted ex-Muscovite, sits in the highest councils of the U. S. Government. He refers to himself sardonically as "The Enemy." The President, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff ask him in dead seriousness: "What will The Enemy do in Yugoslavia and Indo-China? How will The Enemy react if we move in this direction?"

The gentleman so questioned, Lieut. Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, former U. S. Ambassador to Russia, now director of the Central Intelligence Agency, must come up with the answers. The CIA is the final authority on The Enemy in the U. S., a co-ordinator and evaluator of the information gathered by military intelligence and other departments. The CIA must know the strengths, weaknesses, and aims of The Enemy, and make it tough for him to fight a war.

The CIA staff (in their offices hidden behind a Washington brewery) and their contacts across the world fit together a puzzle. The clues may be a muttered aside by a Czech diplomat at a Cairo reception, the oil-production quotas in Rumania, a boast by a drunken Soviet officer in a Hong Kong restaurant, recent aerial photographs of the Baltic Sea lanes, and a detailed report on the maximum load of the Berlin-Moscow railroad.

The CIA is a young and relatively untested child in the strange world of intelligence. The Enemy dourly accuses it of "black warfare." But there is definite proof of its success. Radio Moscow never misses a chance to scream shrilly of "the extended spy network of the Wall Street mercenaries." Even more important, the National Security Council, our top defense and foreign-policy body, has obtained accurate data on Russia's most zealously guarded secret, her atomic-bomb production.

The staff that makes all this possible is a strange household, and includes such oddly assorted members as a Shanghai beggar, a distinguished American scholar, a herdsman in the mountain wilderness of southern Asia, an industrial engineer in Washington, a pretty Berlin waitress, a communist official in eastern Europe, and many

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employees in its Washington office who go to great lengths to persuade their best friends they are insurance salesmen.

One CIA employee was so zealous at concealing his occupation that he started a fascinating game in his car pool. He would get off at a downtown Washington building, then grab a cab across town. For several weeks all the other riders tried to find just where the evader was going. After accusations of being everything from a gambler to a polygamist, he ruefully confessed to working for CIA.

SIDNEY SOUERS, a conscientious and soft-spoken St. Louis businessman, is responsible for the CIA. As assistant chief of naval intelligence in World War II, Admiral Souers was upset to discover that America had to rely on its Allies for basic intelligence. He told the late James V. Forrestal: "It doesn't make sense for us to lean on the British to find out what is going on in the world. We should have our own intelligence in operation long before war breaks out."

For a year, Admiral Souers devoted himself to selling this idea. His proposal was to use the staff of the wartime Office of Strategic Services for a new intelligence agency to collect and evaluate information gathered by military and diplomatic agents. For this, Souers was awarded the Legion of Merit and became the first CIA director. Today, he is personal intelligence adviser to the President.

In setting up CIA, Souers cheerfully disregarded romantic cloak-and-dagger methods to build an efficient machine for gathering facts. Good-humoredly he told associates: "This spy stuff is exaggerated. A roundabout tip from a communist general's girl friend is likely to be as worthless as the gossip your wife picks up at the beauty parlor. Ninety five per cent of what we want to know is right here in the United States. It just needs to be organized and evaluated."

This formula avoids the fog of rumor that fills any world capital, and goes straight to the hard facts of The Enemy's economy, production, transportation, raw materials, and manpower. A modern war must be organized, much of it in the open, long in advance. Guns must be manufactured; munitions, food, and raw materials stockpiled; railways and roads expanded; and soldiers trained. The allocation of scarce Soviet-controlled steel is far more important than the minutes of the Politburo.

The CIA system of evaluating information on The Enemy takes advantage of the staggering amount of expert knowledge shared by American scholars. Only a few people know it, but probably the world's greatest authority on Russian agriculture is a shy little man in the Department of Agriculture, Dr. Lazar Volin. One of the top experts on Soviet geography is a professor at the near-by University of Maryland, Dr. John A. Morrison. The knowledge of these scholars, the mass of published data emanating from behind the Iron Curtain, and the far-flung intelligence operations of the military and State Department are pulled together by CIA's evaluators into a single picture.

The tortuous work required to build a tip into a full-scale report

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can be illustrated by a story in which key facts have been altered for security reasons. In this camouflaged account, an American engineer with a wide prewar friendship in Europe visited Vienna and was told a provoking story by an old Austrian friend. The source was a ne'er-do-well cousin who was now a potent figure in the Bulgarian communist regime. The cousin boasted of being introduced to Soviet Marshal Zhukov at a secret meeting in a villa outside Sofia. The American made sure that this information went swiftly to Washington. There, CIA raised significant questions: "Was this a military meeting? Was Zhukov organizing an invasion of Yugoslavia?"

The agency called for an "estimate"—a thorough evaluation. All other U. S. intelligence was called on to join the hunt. The British and Yugoslav governments were asked for an appraisal. Messages were sent to secret sources in the Balkans, asking for facts. CIA staff experts were ordered to gather all information on these topics:

1. Roads and railways in Bulgaria leading to the Yugoslav border and north through Rumania to Russia. Would they support an invading army and the shipments needed regularly from Russia?

2. Training and armaments of the Bulgarian army. Had the troops received intensive practice to scale the mountains on both sides of the border? Had the troops been supplied with cold-weather uniforms?

3. Status of Bulgarian oil reserves. Was there enough gasoline near the front to keep planes, trucks, and tanks moving for a week, two weeks?

When all these reports were in, they revealed that Zhukov and a staff of bemedaled Russian officers had indeed attended a highly secret meeting near Sofia. The purpose was to find out if the Bulgarian armed forces could hold the border against a Yugoslav thrust, should Soviet occupation troops withdraw.

Zhukov had arranged to train ten Bulgarian divisions in Russia, and set up an elaborate system of ruses to convince the Yugoslavs that a mighty army lay just across the frontier. But the CIA studies also revealed that neither the Bulgarian army, the transportation system, nor the oil supply appeared to be ready for war.

THE CIA STAFF that brings forth the estimates look more like members of a research foundation than the popular conception of a swarthy spy with hat pulled down and drooping cigarette. A few of the top officers are Dr. William Langer, Harvard's professor of European history; Dr. Max Millikan, Massachusetts Institute of Technology professor of industrial economics; and Dr. Sherman Kent of Yale. Also there is Allen Dulles, long-time State Department career man turned New York lawyer; William H. Jackson, former deputy chief of intelligence for Gen. Omar Bradley and an attorney in private life; a former magazine editor, and a number of one-time foreign correspondents.

Surprisingly little of CIA's information comes from the romantic world of espionage. In fact, the agency will not even admit it knows a spy. One official stated blandly: "I suppose it can be assumed that somewhere among the government agencies, somebody is giving direc-

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tion to American agents throughout the world."

It would, of course, be folly to give The Enemy any clue to the sources of secret information, but this generalized example can be safely given—an American with a foreign background, who had close contacts with an organized minority abroad both before and during World War II, is invaluable. He can help establish an information network that will extend even into Moscow itself. The submerged ends of this network are not made up of professional spies, but of lovers of freedom who are willing to risk their lives to undermine the Cominform system.

The professional spies—free-lance artists who live by the scores in such international cities as Hong Kong and Macao in the Orient, and Berlin and Vienna in Europe—are not highly regarded by American intelligence. They are more valuable to fiction writers than for digging up the kind of hard facts needed.

The CIA will not confirm or deny Russian and satellite charges of feeding the underground that is now growing swiftly in eastern Europe and China. The strategic value of encouraging anticommunist movements in the "cold war" is immense. Russia would not dare a major war in Europe if there were danger that her supply lines would be cut by partisans. This was how the Nazi invasion of the Soviet was thwarted, and it is no secret to the Kremlin that armed underground units exist in almost all hard-to-reach areas, such as mountains and deep forests, in eastern Europe and even in Russia.

One, the White Legion, operates almost openly in Czechoslovakia, its hidden radio station broadcasting daily the names of communist informers. A Catholic underground is active in Poland. The strength of anticommunist guerrillas in China is estimated at 1,600,000.

The communists, at least, give the CIA great credit for stirring up these undergrounds. Recently the Moscow radio growled: "The U. S. intelligence department does not confine itself to sending spies and saboteurs in large numbers to various countries under guise of diplomats, advisers, experts, and specialists. U. S. authorities are now enlisting former fascists and war criminals, hired cheaply in the western zones of Germany and Austria."

One recent communist statement accused the CIA of plotting sabotage of the S-Bahn railway in eastern Berlin. Also, according to a fascinating account in the weekly Moscow magazine *New Times*, an American, British, Canadian, and French ring operating in Warsaw managed to spirit out of the country "the enemies of New Poland." This was accomplished, said the Russians, by hauling the illicit passengers aboard allied trade vessels at night in small Polish ports.

When riots broke out in Rumania between farmers and armed police, the Bucharest radio angrily charged: "This disloyalty of reactionary landlords was instigated by agents of Wall Street."

Of all such accusations, the CIA says nothing. However, a composite picture can be drawn from Cominform charges. In the darkness of the night, a note is slipped to an American in a Cominform nation. It says: "I once lived in America but

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returned here after the war. Several hundred of us are in the mountains. We can raid the communists if we have ammunition. If you are interested, one of us will be at the northwest corner of the public market on Monday morning between 9 and 11. You can recognize our man by his green hat with the yellow band."

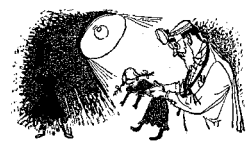
The contact is made. Several nights later, an unmarked plane drops ammunition, a short-wave sending and receiving set, and an American agent by parachute. Soon afterwards, communist munitions are mysteriously stolen and the dump blown up.

Despite compliments from the communists, the CIA is far from a finished outfit in Bedell Smith's eyes. When he was appointed, the keen-witted General frankly told Senators: "My big job is to get the very best brains in the country, persuade them to leave fame and fortune for a government job where they'll study secrets they can't even discuss with their wives. And, next, we'll have to persuade them to stay on after all the inevitable disappointments and frustrations. Intelligence isn't a gay lark; it's a serious business."

The job ahead of CIA is one of the toughest ever tackled by Yankee ingenuity—to worm out of fanatics notorious for deceit their intentions and plans. It means not only knowing when The Enemy is ready to go to war, but when he is ready to talk peace. It means knowing his strengths and weaknesses exactly.

And, probably what is hardest of all for Americans, the intelligence agent can never hope for the acclaim of a hero. Just a note on his secret record: "Well done!"

The Treatment



I WAS IN THE OFFICE of a recent addition to the town's medical staff when a girl of about seven barged in, cuddling her doll, and demanded that the doctor examine "her baby" immediately.

Winking at me, he looked the doll over and solemnly prescribed more sleep and less sweet stuff. The "little mother" nodded gravely and handed him a play-money $5 bill. The doctor thanked her.

"Your sign in the waiting room says $3 for office calls," she said with equal gravity.

"That's right," the doctor admitted. "I'm sorry." He pocketed the play-money and from his wallet extracted two real $1 bills.

"It was worth the two bucks," he said after the child had gone. "It'll make a swell story to tell at our medical meeting next week."

A few minutes later, while buying cigarettes in the drugstore below the doctor's office, I considered the probabilities of his ever getting to tell the story first.

For sitting there with four or five other children, was the "little mother" placidly eating a sundae. "Tomorrow," I heard her say, "we'll try that new doctor over on Seventh street." —JOHN QUILL

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Picture Story

WOMEN OF ENCHANTMENT

Illustrated by BEN STAHL

TEMPTRESSES have always been with us, and always their effect on human affairs has been explosive. Excited by the promise of their glances, men perform prodigies of valor, or shirk duty and forget honor. With a gesture they can raise a victim to heights of ecstasy or plunge him into depths of despair. For them are reserved our most derogatory adjectives—cruel, depraved, soulless—and yet, in retrospect, they are colorful threads in the somber tapestry of our history. Some of their more notorious exemplars are pictured in these pages. Each wears a different aspect: this one is fair; that one dark; another, tall and regal; still another, short and vivacious. But each, in her own day, symbolized the power of passion; drama swirled about her, and, briefly, life was released from the rigid forms in which men seek to imprison it.

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DELILAH

HE LAY WITH his head in her lap, and she stroked his long hair and asked him the secret of his strength. He was a bold, rambunctious man, a practical joker. Even in love he liked to joke. If he were bound with seven green withes, he said, his great strength would be gone. So, next time he fell asleep in her arms, she bound him with withes and called out that his foes were attacking. Instantly he sprang up, breaking the bonds as if they were straws. Twice more she asked, and each time he replied in jest. But in the end he told her the truth—and she betrayed him. She cut off his strength-giving hair and delivered him to the Philistines. For pieces of silver she bartered away the love of Samson, and, ever since, her sweet and tripping name, Delilah, has been synonymous with all that is most treacherous in womankind.

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SALOME

THE SCENE takes little space in the Bible. Yet it has inspired no end of poets, painters, sculptors, and musicians; and to this day, it dwells among the dreams of ordinary men. It is the scene of Salome dancing before King Herod. She danced so enchantingly that he was moved to promise her whatever she might ask. Her reply, "I will that thou give me . . . in a charger the head of John the Baptist," was made on the advice of her mother, a hard and bitter woman who hated John because he had dared to criticize her marriage. Herod was shocked, but royal pride held him to his promise. He had John beheaded, and presented the grisly trophy to Salome. That was all, but it was enough to alert men forevermore to the fact that beauty not only can enchant, but also on occasion can be an instrument of destruction.

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LADY HAMILTON

WHAT WOMAN could ask more of the world than this: that she inspire a great painter to immortalize her loveliness in oils and the foremost hero of the day to lay his heart at her feet? England's legendary Lady Hamilton scored both these triumphs, and yet, in sum, her life was tragic. Her portraits, by Romney, reveal a woman of exquisite beauty, poised on the threshold of an intoxicating experience. They were prophetic. In the amorous conquest of Lord Nelson, who had conquered Napoleon, she later enjoyed her experience—and, for one who had been born the daughter of a village blacksmith, it was, indeed, intoxicating. But intoxication often leads to remorse, and so it was with her. Long after Nelson died, Lady Hamilton lived on in a bleak nightmare of poverty and tantalizing recollections.

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NINON DE LENCLOS

MANY TEMPTRESSES have left an evil image to posterity, but not Ninon de Lenclos. In life, her charm was so enduring that she is said to have bewitched three generations of men of a single family—not to mention hundreds of others. In death, through the memoirs of those who loved her, she still gives off a faint and heady perfume, as of a flower pressed between the pages of a book. A woman of ebullient gaiety, she considered stuffiness a cardinal sin. "Heavens!" she once remarked to a pompous suitor. "How many virtues you make me loathe!" Those who predicted a day of reckoning for her were sorely disappointed. Sought after at the last by as many women as she had been, in her younger days, by men, she lived on into a serene old age, an acknowledged social leader and the confidante of wits and poets.

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CLEOPATRA

FROM FIRST to last, her life was one long intrigue. Julius Caesar put aside the world for her sake—and lost it. Antony picked it up. It could have been his plaything, but he, too, was beguiled by Cleopatra. Enervated, he lingered by her side. "O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt?" Shakespeare has him mourn after the tide of battle turned against him at Actium. Yet, even in defeat, he still could say to Egypt's queen, "Give me a kiss," and, when she pressed her lips to his, feel all his failures recompensed. He died for her at last. And she? Perhaps she did the same for him, but first, the story goes, she tried her wiles upon his conqueror, Octavian. When they failed this time, she cried, "Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have immortal longings in me!..." Then, touching an asp to her breast, she won the immortality she longed for.

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MATA HARI

WHICH IS the more enduring, fact or fiction? To judge from the case of the little Dutch dancing girl, Mata Hari, the palm should go to fiction. For now, 34 years after her death in 1917, she is looked on as the queen of spies. Actually, such spying as she did in World War I was incidental. Primarily, she was a temptress. Dancing her way from capital to capital, she sold her charms to the highest bidders, living meanwhile in a twilit, extra-legal world where everything was to be had at a price—love, luxury, diplomatic secrets. She traded in them all, and, when the day of reckoning came, it was she who paid the final price. She died before a firing squad. However, from her ashes there arose the legend of a woman more glamorous and lovely and ingenious than she ever was, and the legend has endured.

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ANNE BOLEYN

IF THE TRAGIC LIFE of Anne Boleyn proves anything, it is that temptresses can gain their ends without the aid of beauty—and that the ends seldom justify either the means or the effort. Anne, whose sole charm lay in her bold black eyes, set out deliberately to supplant Henry VIII's first wife, Catherine. She succeeded, but the coquetry which helped her was less compelling after marriage than before. It was, as Henry discovered, a thin veneer for giddiness. When his passion for her cooled, Anne was exposed to a series of trials as scandalous as any in English history. Found guilty of infidelity—and worse—she was sent to the Tower. And there, in the presence of the executioner, her character revealed its final paradox: she met death gallantly. As for Henry, he married another temptress.

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THAÏS

SHE WAS A Greek courtesan, who followed Alexander the Great in his conquest of the world. Like Salome, she owes her fame to one vengeful act. At a victory banquet, celebrating the defeat of Persia, she sat by Alexander and asked his leave to set ablaze, with her own hands, the Palace of Xerxes, who had burned her native city, Athens. Carried away by infatuation, the conqueror consented, and, as the poet Dryden later wrote, "seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy; Thaïs led the way to light him to his prey, and, like another Helen, fired another Troy!" But Alexander wearied of the project and ordered the fire put out. Fate still seems to be trying to rob Thaïs of her little triumph, for, of Dryden's ode, which publicized it, the only line generally recalled today is, "None but the brave deserves the fair"!

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Throw Away Those Relaxation Cures!

by HENRY LEE

Don't let the "experts" mislead you: there's no panacea for nervous tension

A PLACID, middle-aged neighbor of mine recently found herself becoming fidgety. The cause of her nervousness wasn't hard to place. Like so many mothers today, she was worrying about a son who had just gone overseas.

To quiet her nerves, she indiscriminately seized on the first relaxation "cure" she came across. It was an athletic program that called for setting-up exercises every morning, toe-touching at noon, brisk mile-long walks after dinner at night. "Our program works for everybody who isn't bedridden," its boosters insisted.

Puffing and groaning, my neighbor faithfully followed the strenuous regimen, much as she detested it. That is, she followed it until a few weeks ago. Then she suffered a mild heart attack induced by exertion appropriate for a girl in her twenties, but certainly not for a plump matron.

This near-tragedy is sadly typical of the current relaxation confusion which is driving many of us a little closer to our graves. From hypnosis to pills, psychology to deep breathing, we are almost daily offered some new, general recipe for relaxation and told that it can be applied safely and successfully in our *individual* case.

But watch out! Because of varying physical, emotional, and mental factors, none of us can be placed neatly in a relaxation pigeonhole. To achieve serenity, we must work out our own cure, based on our own temperament.

At least, that is what doctors, psychiatrists, and the few genuine specialists in relaxation have told me. They are gravely concerned over the growing, indiscriminate faddism for "curing" our jitters with the first panacea at hand.

The fact is, most of the programs advanced by the self-appointed experts will work in isolated instances. But for the vast majority of us, they will prove only frustrating or downright damaging.

This is not intended, however, to challenge *your* recipe in *your* case—if you know it is helping you. More than ever before, certainly we do need such help. In thousands of instances, our mounting, insupportable tensions are responsible for divorce, mental breakdown, back-

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ache, high blood pressure, headaches, and gastric disturbances.

John C. Croombs, a hard-driving junior executive in Chicago, knew that he would have to take it easy. He was beginning to bark at his secretary, quarrel with his wife, toss fitfully at night.

A friend who was a top amateur golfer persuaded him to take up the game, and promised to teach him. Most of last summer, John pursued form and par as grimly as he had chased success.

"Left foot out a little to correct your slice. Left arm stiff, right arm supple. Watch your grip. Eyes on the ball. Follow through!"

Trying to remember all this, John certainly wasn't thinking about his business, too. But he was far from relaxed. The frustration caused by a bad drive or a flubbed putt inspired just as much tension. In fact, after such week ends, his secretary said he was worse than ever!

John's case happens to have a happy ending. One Friday the boss casually suggested: "You used to fool around with small boats when you were a kid, didn't you? Why not come up to my week-end place and give me a hand with caulking and repainting?"

John worked even harder than he did at business or golf, yet next Monday he felt strangely refreshed. He realized then that he had been completely occupied with a hobby he enjoyed, not one that he subconsciously fought and hated. He had the good sense to sell his woods and irons, and buy a boat.

Since relaxation is at once the most simple and baffling of problems, general rules just can't be laid down. In some instances, while recognizing beneficial results, science still doesn't know how they were achieved.

For example, let's visit a typical business office in a large Eastern city. It is midmorning, and you would swear the boss must be off on a vacation. The stenographers are drooping at their desks or casually flexing arms and legs.

As a matter of fact, it's their regular work "breather." Many large organizations and some government agencies like the F.B.I. find that these breaks in routine stimulate production by easing nervous tension. But why?

According to one school of nutritionists, the blood sugar drops several hours after a meal, and the low carbohydrate reserve results in an "all-in" feeling. They can point to many surveys to support this physical explanation.

But now let's drop into a Southern cotton-bag factory as a group of women workers leave their machines to visit a snack bar. One woman munches on a frankfurter and bun, topped off by potato chips and a soft drink. Another selects just a bar of chocolate, a third only a soft drink.

Of course, the caloric values of their snacks range widely, and the protein, fat, and carbohydrate content varies, too. But in *all* cases their work subsequently is stepped up, whether they have gorged or contented themselves with an ice-cold bottle of pop. In other words, these experiments by the Emory University School of Dentistry indicate that *psychological* rather than *physical* factors will restore the efficiency of a tired worker.

Thus, relaxation is a blend of the

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mental and physical, and this is where the usual "cure" slips up. It is based on one of two premises: 1) that you can tire yourself into peace of mind and nerve by vigorous physical exercise; or, 2) that you can distract yourself mentally by sedentary pursuits such as reading or hobbies.

Unfortunately, most of us need a mixture of these two approaches, the exact proportion being something that only we ourselves can determine by trial and error. And even when we have achieved good results ourselves, it is foolhardy to prescribe for another.

Let's consider Bill Jeffreys, a bluff, extrovert salesman. He worked hard on the road and, not surprisingly, tightened up under the strain. Finally he consulted the family doctor who had known him from childhood.

"Am I cracking up?" he asked. "I've heard of that happening to fellows in their forties."

The doctor laughed. "You're an ox, Bill! You're just trying to do too much. Now, here's how I want you to live . . ."

Thereafter, on the road, Bill took a midday nap in his hotel room. And at night he dropped quarters in his bedside coin radio and lulled himself to sleep with soft music.

At home, he still helped Mary with the checkbook, the grocery account, and the other details she was always forgetting. But he made a new rule about it: one hour a day working and worrying about these irksome household matters, and no more. The rest of his free time, he took it easy.

The Bills of the world who suffer from outside pressures can usually be eased by comparatively simple relaxation therapy; but those who are abnormally tense because of pressures from within may need psychiatric help.

ONE OF THE FEW genuine relaxation experts is Prof. Josephine L. Rathbone of Teachers College, Columbia University, who is in a position to attest to the amazing results of genuinely achieved relaxation. She deplores the widespread misinformation about her specialty, and is sparing in her recommendations for the average layman. In a very general way, she makes three suggestions:

Physically, learn the basic rules of common-sense diet and exercise. For example, too much standing or improper working posture may cause neck pains or leg twinges from purely muscular tension. By changing position periodically, you will obtain some relief; stretching out on a cot with feet elevated will start the circulation back toward your upper body. Alternately sitting up and lying down a few times will complete the refresher.

Psychologically, try not to take your work, your position in life—or yourself—too seriously.

Finally seek rest and relief in your own individual way—through faith, hard work, a hobby, or whatever you enjoy.

On this broad approach, many persons are working out their own specific programs. The most ingenious "mental schedule" I know is practiced by a West Coast professional man. Each day, he walks home from work and, during the leisurely hour-long stroll, reviews the mistakes of the day and his

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plans for the next. By the time he reaches the house and kisses his wife, he has put business worries firmly out of mind.

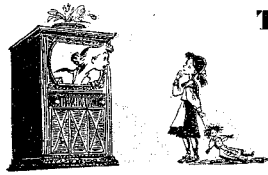
During dinner, his wife refrains from upsetting talk about money or household troubles; he keeps off the temper-fraying subject of politics. From 8 to 10 P.M., they read or listen to the radio. Then, for an hour before going to bed, they turn on the phonograph for programs of old musical favorites.

For most of us, our particular tensions spring from the particular circumstances of our lives: our dispositions, difficulty in self-discipline or, at the other extreme, too great a concentration. (Mental workers, for example, don't enjoy the physical releases of those who do manual work.)

And that is where we must seek the ultimate answer—in ourselves. What brings *you* the most peace of mind and easing of muscle? Prayer? Hard work? Sports, hobbies, reading? How do *you* find it easiest to invite sleep?

Follow your instincts and don't let so-called relaxation "experts" make you tense. That is the only prescription that can be safely—and successfully—applied to all of us.

TV Tattle



WHEN THE CAMERA CREW and cast of a TV show were on location in New Jersey to film a gangster chase sequence, so the story goes, they posted signs all along the highway that had a bearing on the story.

One huge sign reading "Last Gas Station Before the Border" was placed in front of a gas station. By the time the camera crew and cast arrived on the scene, a dozen cars bearing out-of-state license plates were lined up at the station waiting to fill up their tanks.—*Tide*

EIGHT ACTRESSES auditioned for a role in "Big Story" on NBC-TV. When this squad was pared down to two during rehearsal, producer Bernie Prockter finally notified Nancy Wells that the other gal, Agnes Young, had been chosen for the job. "That's swell," said the disappointed Nancy with an honest enthusiasm that baffled Prockter at first. But he later discovered that Agnes Young is Nancy's mother.

—FRANK FARRELL (N. Y. World-Telegram, Sun and Mc Naught Syndicate, Inc.)

FOR SOME TIME my little son had been trying to get me to buy a television set. I would always put him off by telling him to wait until the sets got better and cheaper.

Finally, impatience getting the better of him, he asked, "Are you waiting till they give them away for box tops?"

"MOTHER," said my little daughter, "why can't we have a television set?"

"Oh, because I'm afraid I would waste too much time," I replied.

"Yes," she said quickly, "but Mommy, think of all the time you would save looking for me at the neighbors!" —New York *Daily News*

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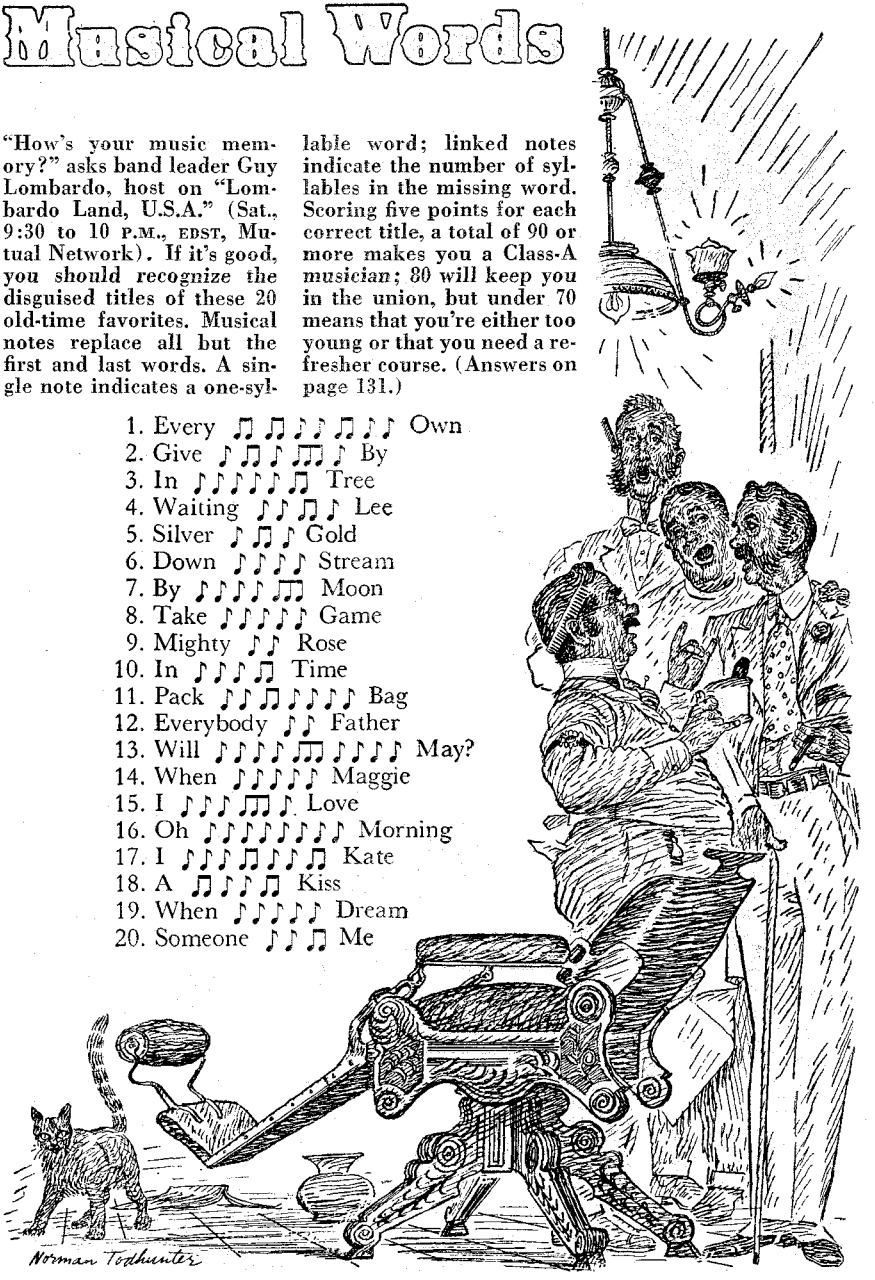
Musical Words

"How's your music memory?" asks band leader Guy Lombardo, host on "Lombardo Land, U.S.A." (Sat., 9:30 to 10 P.M., EDST, Mutual Network). If it's good, you should recognize the disguised titles of these 20 old-time favorites. Musical notes replace all but the first and last words. A single note indicates a one-syllable word; linked notes indicate the number of syllables in the missing word. Scoring five points for each correct title, a total of 90 or more makes you a Class-A musician; 80 will keep you in the union, but under 70 means that you're either too young or that you need a refresher course. (Answers on page 131.)

1. Every ♫ ♫ ♪♪ ♫ ♪♪ Own
2. Give ♪ ♫♪ ♪ ♬ ♪ By
3. In ♪♪♪♪♪ ♫ Tree
4. Waiting ♪♪ ♫ ♪ Lee
5. Silver ♪ ♫ ♪ Gold
6. Down ♪♪♪♪ Stream
7. By ♪♪♪♪ ♬ Moon
8. Take ♪♪♪♪♪ Game
9. Mighty ♪♪ Rose
10. In ♪♪♪♪ ♫ Time
11. Pack ♪♪ ♫ ♪♪♪♪ Bag
12. Everybody ♪♪ Father
13. Will ♪♪♪♪ ♬ ♪♪♪♪ May?
14. When ♪♪♪♪♪ Maggie
15. I ♪♪♪ ♬ ♪ Love
16. Oh ♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪ Morning
17. I ♪♪♪ ♫ ♪♪ ♫ Kate
18. A ♫ ♪♪ ♫ Kiss
19. When ♪♪♪♪♪ Dream
20. Someone ♪♪ ♫ Me

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THE AMERICAN STORY OF MRS. EISENHOWER

by HELEN WORDEN

The General's lady is just as modest and neighborly as when she married him back in 1916

THIS IS THE strange story of a woman who, if she wanted to, could be one of the most influential figures of our times. From behind the scenes, she could affect national policies, spin intrigue, exalt favorites, and discredit enemies. Or, if she chose, she could make a fortune by capitalizing on her position. Instead, she has turned her back on all that. Without envy or criticism, she has foregone the prizes many people strive for, simply because they seemed negligible beside the one prize on which her whole attention has been centered. Ever since her marriage 35 years ago, she has striven single-mindedly to be a good wife, a good mother, and a good American.

The name of this phenomenal woman is Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, and today, despite her husband's ascent to global eminence, she is the same genuine, neighborly person she was when she married him back in 1916. The First Lieutenant's bride has become the General's lady, with no change whatsoever in character.

What made Mamie Eisenhower choose a path so unpretentious, and how has she been able to hold to it in the face of temptations and distractions? The story begins in Denver at the turn of the century. Mamie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Sheldon Doud, had met and married in her mother's home town of Boone, Iowa. In Boone, the respective roles of men and women were clear—father made the money, mother took care of the children and the home. This simple American credo, dating from pioneer days, was instilled in Mamie in childhood.

Her father was successful enough in cattle and grain dealings to retire to Denver at an early age and enjoy life with his family. Their house at 750 Lafayette Street was the most important in the neighborhood: ornamental lamps on the steps, iron hitching post at the curb, neat driveway.

It remains the same today, except that the barn has been turned into a garage, housing the ancient electric

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brougham in which Mrs. Doud still wheels elegantly to market.

Mamie was the belle of the block. Her gentleness, her big blue eyes and long brown hair, dipping low over a high forehead, had a devastating effect. Boys fought for a chance to crank the Douds' ice-cream freezer on Saturday afternoons, while Mamie sat at the piano, playing *Oh, You Beautiful Doll*. She couldn't read a note, but she had an excellent ear for melody.

A few years later, when the children had become teen-agers, on summer evenings Mamie and her sisters, Eleanor, Mike, and Buster, would drift across to a neighbor's lawn for a game of croquet, which Mamie usually won.

"What simple, good times we had!" she recalls today. "I went to Mrs. Hayden's dancing school, and we used to carry our patent-leather 'Mary Janes' in slipper bags—mine was black satin with a pink-silk lining. How gorgeous!"

In 1915, the family went South for the winter and rented a house in San Antonio next to Judge R. P. Ingrum's. One day Mrs. Ingrum's sister, then married to an Army officer, Hunter Harris, invited the Douds and their pretty daughters to visit her at Fort Sam Houston.

As Mamie sat on the Harrises' front porch, three young officers strolled by. Presently they returned, walking more slowly this time. They had seen Mamie. Mrs. Harris took pity on them, and the boys came up the steps—Haislip, Gerow, and Walker (all of whom became generals, and one of whom, Walker, was killed in Korea).

Hanging out of a barracks window was another young lieutenant, signaling frantically. The three lucky ones caught on. Would Miss Mamie like to meet a classmate of theirs? Smilingly she agreed, and a few minutes later Second Lieut. "Ike" Eisenhower was giving her his best West Point bow.

SOON AFTERWARDS, Mamie Doud returned to Denver, taking with her the photograph of a grinning youth in uniform. It bore the legend, "To the sweetest and dearest girl in the world," and was signed "Ike."

She was 19, he 25, when they were married in July, 1916, in the flower-banked living room of the Denver house. Sentimentally, the groom undertook to preserve the wedding bouquet by dipping it in hot wax. Alas! The heat was too much for the fragile blossoms; they fell apart.

After a two-day honeymoon at Eldorado Springs, the newlyweds went to Abilene where Mamie met her in-laws for the first time. The two small rooms and bath assigned to them on their return to Fort Sam Houston were quite a change, to Mamie, from the luxuries of Denver. However, her heart sang—until she started to cook.

Her culinary repertoire consisted of fudge and mayonnaise. When she tearfully confessed as much, her husband gallantly said they'd eat at the officers' mess. The $2-a-day cost took quite a chunk out of a first lieutenant's pay, $161.67 a month. Meanwhile, Mamie was struggling valiantly with the furniture, trying to make battered GI sofas and chairs look at ease in the same room with her glittering wedding presents.

"The only piece of advice I can give you," Mr. Doud had said on

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her wedding day, "is to live within your husband's income."

The words haunted her. Remembering them, when Ike was ordered to Camp Meade, she sold the wedding gifts for a paltry sum, but enough to balance the budget.

The Army's insensibility, as far as wives are concerned, extended to more than pay and furniture. It hit young Mrs. Eisenhower hardest during her first pregnancy. Four days before Dwight Doud (they nicknamed him Icky) was born, his father was sent on a distant tour. When the baby came, she was alone.

The next few years form a kaleidoscopic memory of strange army posts and houses. A change for the better came during World War I, when Captain Eisenhower was made a Lieutenant Colonel and given charge of Tank Corps training at Camp Colt, near Gettysburg. As quarters, he and Mamie drew a white-pillared house.

Some of the friends of those days, including Mrs. Dorothy Lynch, then wife of Eisenhower's West Point classmate, Major Duckstad, still live in Gettysburg. On lazy summer afternoons the army wives played bridge, and often in the evening joined the men at cards—usually at the Eisenhower home.

Those happy days ended in tragedy. First, Major Duckstad was killed in France; then Mamie's sister—beautiful, golden-haired Buster—died. The next to go was little Icky, a victim of scarlet fever. Friends say misfortune only made Mamie quieter, gentler.

At the close of the war, Eisenhower was returned to his permanent rank of captain. This meant a reduction in pay, and more moving—Panama, Baltimore, then Fort Logan, Colorado. Their second son, John Sheldon Doud Eisenhower, was born there in 1923.

From Logan they moved to Fort Leavenworth, where Ike, now a Major, was graduated with honors from the Command and General Staff School. At their next tour—Fort Benning, Georgia—Miss Mamie was able to relax her budgeting, for they were living on a Major's pay. After a second school stint—this time at the Army War College in Washington—Ike was ordered to Europe to write a book on American battle monuments.

Miss Mamie's new home was a four-room Paris apartment overlooking the Seine. A home in Paris! The dream of many a woman, but the reality was sometimes a strain. She took French lessons that didn't take—she just hasn't an ear for languages.

Today, years later, she is in Paris again, as the wife of a five-star General, commander of Western Europe's legions. Did she have any inklings during her first sojourn abroad of what was in prospect? Probably, for by that time she must have been aware of her husband's potentialities. However, unlike many wives, she made no effort either to force the development of these potentialities or to prepare herself in any special way for the day when they would be realized. Then, as always, she believed her husband's career to be his business, and, as for hers, that was simple enough: just go on trying to be the best wife she could be.

The year 1929 saw the Eisenhowers back in Washington. Then, in 1935, he was ordered to the Phil-

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ippines where he subsequently became assistant to Gen. Douglas MacArthur. In 1939, Miss Mamie posed for one of her first news pictures—pinning a Distinguished Service Cross of the Philippines on her husband while Manuel Quezon, Philippine President, beamed from the side lines.

Home-town friends, seeing the photo in the newspapers, said Mamie Eisenhower hadn't changed—the little-girl figure, the sweet smile and laughing eyes. Bangs had replaced the dips which concealed her high forehead; a rose hat tilted flirtatiously over one eye.

In 1941, she and her husband returned to Fort Houston, but this time they had a 15-room house. At last, it seemed, she could settle down to a happy, orderly life. Johnny was in his first year at West Point, and they planned to spend Christmas with him. But she went to West Point alone, for America was again at war and her husband, now a Brigadier General, was working day and night. For the next five years her home was the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington.

Again she was among old friends; her apartment became known as "Mamie's Headquarters," and she seldom left it. No matter how the "girls" coaxed, they couldn't get her out except to Red Cross work, and to a Spanish-language class to which Bess Truman and Mrs. George Allen lured her.

"All we did was laugh and talk," says Mrs. Allen today. "None of us really studied."

Whenever Mamie was urged to go out, her reply was the same. "People will say, 'Oh, there goes Mrs. Eisenhower, having a grand time while our boys are fighting at the front'."

When Johnny went to war, her weight dropped to 108 pounds, and she had trouble sleeping. She continued, however, to show a brave face to the world. "I took to reading whodunits," she said. Later she began shipping boxes of detective stories to the General.

Reporters, hoping for news of him, kept her phone busy. "What's the word today, Mrs. Eisenhower?"

She stood this formality just so long. "Why don't you call me Mamie?" she suggested. "It's so much friendlier."

Despite her cordiality, they never picked up any real news. Army wives soon learn to be discreet. Esther Thomas, head telephone operator at Wardman Park, handled overseas messages for Miss Mamie—connections that had to be made with greatest secrecy. When a certain man asked for Mrs. Eisenhower, Miss Thomas knew the General would soon be on the wire.

"Miss Mamie always waited her turn," says Miss Thomas. "She never used rank to get service."

The remark sounds matter-of-fact, but anyone who recalls wartime Washington will be impressed by it. While Miss Mamie was keeping modestly to her apartment, many a wife of a man far lower in the scale than the Supreme Allied Commander was going around the Capital, flaunting her husband's prestige. As it was, Mrs. Eisenhower stayed home and waited—and worried, like millions of other American wives.

In the thick of the North African campaign, a letter arrived from Ike, marked "For Miss Mamie, on her

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birthday." It arrived a week ahead of the date. She refused to open it.

"How can you bear not to read that letter?" demanded Mrs. Allen.

Miss Mamie smiled. "It wouldn't be the same if I opened it before my birthday," she replied. "I've stuck it up in my mirror where I can see it a dozen times a day and imagine what Ike has said. That's half the pleasure."

The War Department proved it had a heart when it let her confirm by cable his promotion to a four-star General, and it also tipped her off whenever he was due to put in a sudden appearance. On one of his rare and secret wartime visits to the U. S., they sped to West Point to take dinner with Johnny.

Until last June, Johnny taught English at the Academy. Now he and his family have been transferred to Benning. He answered the doorbell the day this reporter called—a long, thin, fair-haired boy with his father's direct eyes and his mother's expression. He wore a gym shirt and slacks. At his heels trailed two youngsters and a little black dog: David and Barbara Anne (Miss Mamie's beloved grandchildren), and "Lulu," daughter of "Telek," General Eisenhower's famous wartime Scotty.

"My wife is better at answering questions than I am," said young Captain Eisenhower. "I'll call her. Hey, Barbara!"

Obligingly, Mrs. Johnny stopped preparations for a dinner party to talk about "Mimi."

"Why 'Mimi'?" she was asked.

"Well," Barbara answered, "first I called her 'Mrs. Eisenhower' and that seemed too stiff; then I tried 'Mother' and that didn't fit because she looks so young. So finally we settled on 'Mimi'."

Young David was born in March, 1948, and his sister, Barbara Anne, in May, 1949. "We lived with Mimi and Ike six weeks when he was first appointed President of Columbia University," said Barbara. "David, who was then the baby, had a room and bath to himself. When Anne came along, Mimi fitted up a complete nursery for her in the President's house—everything down to the last safety pin.

"She seems to sense when I'm tired. Just as I'm ready to be carried out on a stretcher, she suddenly appears and whisks off the children. She's a sweet, dear person—which is more than most wives can say of their mothers-in-law. I love her."

WHAT, DURING her days at Columbia, was Mamie Eisenhower's dream? To push herself and her husband on to greater heights? No. It was to retire with him to private life, to the country. The Gettysburg farm they bought last winter was a step toward realizing this dream. It was entirely her choice and represents her tastes.

The property, 189 acres of rolling farmland, lies between the former battle lines of the Confederate and Union Armies. From the front windows of the old-fashioned red-brick house, you can see Cemetery Ridge where Lincoln stood when he made his famous address.

Mamie talked of moving in last Christmas and beginning alterations at once. Then suddenly Ike was named the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, and the dream had to be postponed again. The Eisenhowers' close friends, Gen.

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Arthur Nevins and his wife, Anne, are now occupying the farm.

"When Ike and Mamie come back," says Nevins, "we'll buy property close by. We hope to form a little community of friends."

Half a mile up the Emmitsburg turnpike is the George Allen farm. From their upper windows the Allens can see the silver lightning rods of the Eisenhowers' red-and-blue barn.

Last winter, with sadness in her heart and a smile on her lips, Mamie set her face once more toward Europe, which had filled her with such homesickness once before. Arriving with 13 trunks and 25 other pieces of luggage, she and Ike took possession of a six-room suite at Versailles' Trianon Palace, one of the most beautiful hotels in Europe.

American officers, knowing her tastes, replaced all the stiff, elegant armchairs with comfortable chintz-covered chairs. In her bedroom there were pink azaleas—pink being her favorite color.

Though showered with invitations, Miss Mamie has accepted few. Aside from luncheon at American Ambassador David Bruce's Versailles home, and brief stays at the homes of Gen. Thomas Handy in Heidelberg and of U. S. Minister Perle Mesta in Luxembourg, she has gone nowhere. "I welcome the peace and quiet," she says. "Our social life is practically nil. We are not here for gaiety."

Now she plans to settle in an unpretentious house in the tiny 13th-century village of Marnes-la-Coquette—halfway between Versailles and Paris.

Meanwhile, Miss Mamie is a nostalgic bit of Americana in a foreign land. As such, she appreciates the irony of an incident that occurred just before she sailed for Europe. The Government made her take the loyalty oath. She laughed as she put her hand on the Bible and said: "I thought 34 years in the Army would guarantee my loyalty!"

Her friends describe her as meticulous. She is never late for an engagement. She thinks a wife who wears curlers and greases her face in night cream courts divorce. She believes every woman over 50 needs plenty of rest, so she stays in bed until noon. Her bed jackets are beautiful—frothy pink lace, silk, and kitten wool. She uses one scent —Mary Chess' Yram. She loves flowers, and her pet interior-decorating scheme is Williamsburg green and rose. Her bedroom is always done in these shades.

After World War II, when she stopped worrying, her weight jumped from 108 to 137. Now she resists rich desserts and candies. Her game of bridge is excellent, but she balks at playing with her husband.

"The General is such a phenomenal player," says daughter-in-law Barbara, "that he is impatient of anything short of perfection. Johnny and I tried to play with him and Mimi, but it was too gruesome. We gave up—and so did she."

Today, there is talk of Eisenhower for President. If it ever materializes in fact, the American people can be sure that his wife will be one of the most self-effacing First Ladies ever to occupy the White House. They can also be sure that she will continue to live solely for Ike.

"If I had someone like General Eisenhower to live for," many women might say, "I'd gladly do

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the same thing." Maybe they would, but a remark of that kind is "reasoning after the fact." Would they have felt the same when the General was the lowliest officer at Fort Houston? And how well would they have endured those years of virtual homelessness when he was inching his way toward his present eminence?

During all that time, Mamie never wavered, nor was she carried away at last—as other women have been—by the sudden intoxication of success. Throughout, she was strengthened by a deeply American faith in her role as companion and helpmate. Receiving little of the public attention that has fallen to the wives of other great men of our day, she has remained a retiring figure amidst the fanfare of greatness. She also has remained profoundly happy, a source of inspiration to all who know her, and particularly to her husband.

Recognizing as much, her other "beaus," as she laughingly calls some of her childhood boy friends, think the General is a lucky man. George Sibley, now a dignified official of E. R. Squibb and Sons but formerly one of her smitten Denver playmates, serves as their spokesman. The last time he visited Denver, he stopped to pay his respects to Mrs. Doud. To his surprise, Miss Mamie and the General were there.

"Mamie ran downstairs and gave me a big hug and kiss," says Mr. Sibley. "That's the kind of person she is—warmhearted, impulsive, and natural."

Ten Ways to Win Promotion

IF YOU WOULD LIKE to get a better job or improve the one you now hold, I suggest that you follow these rules, which have worked in thousands of cases:

1. I will not try to control anyone's personal affairs.
2. I will not ask embarrassing questions.
3. I will protect people under my charge from criticism, or anything else which might lower their feelings of security.
4. I will satisfy the curiosity of people under my direction to the fullest extent permissible, believing they will do a better job if they know where their work fits into the completed task.
5. I will frequently ask the opinions of co-workers and people working for me, in order to increase their self-confidence.
6. I will not order anyone to do anything if it is at all possible to obtain the same result by suggesting or asking.
7. I will never reproach a co-worker or an employee in the hearing of others.
8. I will make a point of noticing what others are doing, and finding something about it to praise.
9. I will make an effort to know more about my co-workers and employees—their likes and dislikes, hobbies, families.
10. I will make no promises unless I am absolutely sure that I can fulfill them. —LESTER F. MILES

From *It Pays to Be Lazy*, by Lester F. Miles. Copyright, 1947, and published by Wilfred Funk, Inc., 381 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

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A MAN IN HIS carefree bachelor days had been fond of a restaurant which specialized in waffles served with honey. When he got married, he decided to take his wife and share the treat with her. When the order came, there were two small pitchers of maple syrup, but no honey. He called the waitress over and inquired, "Where's my honey?"

The waitress beamed knowingly and replied, "She's on vacation now, sir."

DURING PRELIMINARY inspection at a Boy Scout camp, the director found an umbrella in the bedroll of a tiny scouter. Since the umbrella was obviously not one of the items of equipment listed, the director asked the lad to explain. The tenderfoot neatly countered with this question:

"Sir, did you ever have a mother?"

—*Capper's Weekly*

CITY DWELLERS week-ending at a modern farm were particularly impressed with the cow barns.

"Isn't it the most wonderful thing," twittered one of the feminine guests, "how those cows come in and go right to their own stalls?"

"What's so wonderful about that?" challenged another. "They all have their names over their stalls."

—ELEANOR CLARAGE

VACATIONING at a shore resort, the editor of a rural newspaper smiled when a bathing beauty walked by.

"George," said his observant wife reproachfully, "were you smiling at that young lady?"

"Not exactly," he replied, "I was wondering how long it would be before someone reads a want-ad: 'Lost—gold locket containing lady's bathing suit!' "

—CLIFF WALTERS

"YOU MUST AVOID all forms of excitement on your vacation," a doctor told the young man.

The latter gulped and asked: "Can't I even look at 'em across the street?"

—WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE

"CAN I BE of any assistance?" called the kind-hearted tourist, pulling up ahead of a begrimed gentleman struggling to change a tire.

The perspiring motorist laid down his tire iron, came over, and whispered: "You certainly can, friend. My wife has very positive ideas about how this job should be done. Would you mind going over and talking to her? If you can just divert her attention until I get this tire changed, I'll be eternally in your debt!"

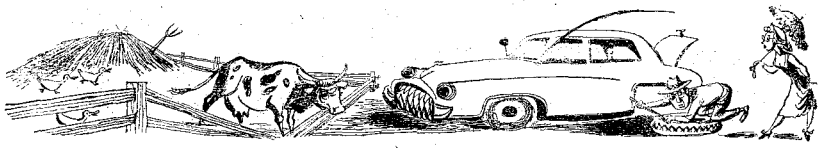
—ADRIAN ANDERSON

A SMALL BOY was being sent to summer camp, much against his will, and was making no bones about it.

"Why, you'll just love camp," his aunt said soothingly. "You'll have a simply wonderful vacation."

"I won't," was the acid retort, "but my mother will."

—NEW YORK *Daily News*



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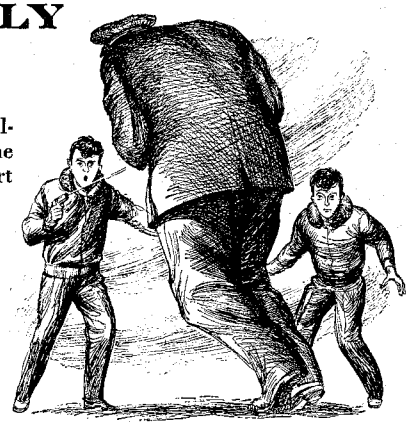
Chicago Remembers a Cop's Family

by ELGAR BROWN

How a slain policeman's widow and children learned that a vast city of stone and steel may also have a great heart



IN A BUNGALOW built through a big city's compassion, the five Keatings—who used to be six—have made a heartwarming readjustment to life, though the crime against them might well have bred only resentment and hate.

"The big thing was first to regain my faith in living, and courage to go on," says Dorothy Keating, a 35-year-old wisp of a woman. "Then I had to pass it along, somehow, to the children. This process began with nothing, for the day it happened I had no faith at all . . ."

It happened in the early morning of September 20, 1949. Dorothy's husband—big, handsome Police Officer David Francis Keating, 37—had a swing shift in Chicago's tough stockyards district. Just before midnight, grinning at his wife's routine admonition to "be careful," he brushed a kiss on the cheek of each of their sleeping youngsters—David Francis, Jr., seven; Kathleen, six; Maureen, two; and three-month-old Robert. Then he left their crowded four-room flat in a veterans' housing project, the simple quarters they had accepted gratefully after Keating's wartime service in the Navy.

Two hours later, in the gloom of his beat, Officer Keating encountered two youths. One carried a package wrapped in a newspaper.

"Hold on, there!" Keating called, not drawing his pistol. "Where did you get that package?"

The taller boy stripped the wrapping from a revolver and shot Keating dead.

"For a while I couldn't believe it," the widow recalls. "Then I believed but didn't comprehend. And when comprehension did come, I seemed to be suffocated with bitterness and grief and fear."

There seemed no way out of her misery—misery such as she had never known. Born Dorothy Renard in Iowa, she had ventured to Chicago in 1938 as a bookkeeper. One day she looked down from her office window on the busy Madison-Ogden intersection and there stood David Keating, untangling traffic. A strapping native of Ireland, he had come to America as a small boy with his stepfather and mother.

"He was strong and lively and

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laughing," Mrs. Keating recalls, and then her eyes cloud a bit. "We met through an aunt of mine who knew him. I arranged it."

In 1941, the brown-haired Iowa girl and the laughing young Irishman were married. Soon they became involved with babies and many problems, which they had expected, and with a war, which they had not. David became a yeoman, third class, and Dorothy knew loneliness, but not despair. In 1944, she took David, Jr., and Kathleen home to her mother in Iowa.

KEATING WAS DISCHARGED in February, 1946, but not until July could they move into the modest flat in the veterans' project. There Maureen and Robert were born.

The Keatings, now a half-dozen, living on a semimonthly check of $127, had learned to love the happy comradeship and simple security of their close-knit family life. Then these ties were tragically snapped.

Father Francis D. Hayes, of St. Thomas More parish, was Dorothy's first comforter after it happened. "He came often and stayed long," she relates. "He told me that if we could see God's plan, we would know the rightness and the uses of adversity."

Also, about this time, a large, two-fisted man named Duggan came to see the widow—Michael J. Duggan, a builder with a carefully concealed streak of altruism.

"Madam," he told her, fidgeting with embarrassment, "we are—that is, the city—*well*, your friends are fixing to put up a place for you and the youngsters." And on this hazy note he stalked out, the unlikeliest angel of mercy imaginable.

Dorothy's sense of desolation was eased somewhat by the presence of her mother, who had come on from Iowa. The children loved their grandmother, whose bustling about helped relieve the tension.

Then came the first real test. Callers one evening brought up two names heretofore carefully avoided by the family—Sidney Johnson and Roosevelt Baccus, the youths responsible for Keating's death.

"I hate them!" young David exploded, and his mother was terrified by the passion in his eyes.

"It left me in a turmoil," Mrs. Keating explains. "For I found my son's hatred reflected in my own heart. Until I had conquered it in myself, how was I to teach my children the evil of hating?"

A reporter unwittingly supplied the key with which the widow opened the door to forgiveness. He commented casually: "I have just talked with the parents of those two kids, and I never felt so sorry for anybody. They blame themselves for what their boys did."

Mrs. Keating burst into tears. They washed away her hatred, and subsequently they quelled the fire within young David. Today she says calmly: "We cannot love the boys who killed my husband, but the children have forgotten them; and in time I, too, will forget."

For the record, Baccus, who was 15 at the time, was not tried for homicide but was sent to a reformatory for five to 14 years on another conviction. The death penalty was imposed on Johnson, who at 17 had fired the deadly bullet, but the sentence later was commuted to 199 years in prison.

Meanwhile, Chicago decided

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spontaneously that mere praise of a police officer slain in line of duty would scarcely lighten his widow's burden or brighten the future of his orphans. Swiftly a team was formed on which appeared such names as Bjork, Anderson, Rebic, Cacciatore, Schimmell, Czerwiec, Dykstra, Callahan—an all-American team—officially the David Keating Home Building Committee.

Construction men and subcontractors conferred with union officials. Real-estate men and excavators, material and service firms, and, later, furniture and utility dealers entered the game. Meanwhile, on the city's Southwest Side, men worked without pay, building a six-room brick bungalow.

While it was rising, the president of a south-side bank proposed a cash fund, newspapers put it up to the people. Presently there was $15,000 to insure adequate education of the four little Keatings.

When the bungalow was finished, a group of Chicago dignitaries dedicated the home.

"I start crying every time I think of all the generous people who have helped us," Dorothy says today.

MRS. KEATING still faces a normal share of life's problems. The children's education is assured; there is $2,125 insurance from the Police Benevolent Association, which provides a modest nest egg; and she gets $200 a month from municipal and police pension funds. Financially, it is a tight fit, but a visitor senses no anxiety. The Keatings work together, sharing the household duties.

But it is in the realm of the spirit that they really rally round. David, Jr., now the eight-year-old man of the house, is sensitive to his mother's moods. Sometimes, detecting "that look" in her eyes, he will drop his play and come to her side, and her dark mood passes.

There is tacit agreement among the Keatings to shun discussion of the father, mainly for the protection of Maureen, who misses him dreadfully and is inclined toward emotional outbreaks. "And so we help each other," smiles Mrs. Keating, whose attractive face is so thin it emphasizes the bigness of her eyes.

Sometimes those eyes are red-rimmed, but not so often any more. And in her talk she divulges unknowingly the saving graces that have blossomed from sorrow.

"For all our blessings we are grateful," she says. "We have come to love the many who have shown us love. Being human, I still worry occasionally about the future. But at such times, I remind myself that God is good and will provide."

Faith and courage, gratitude and love, have combined to work a kindly miracle in the bungalow built through compassion.

Muscle Developer

"I MUST BE getting stronger," observed the housewife.
"How can you tell?" asked her husband.
"A few years ago I couldn't carry five dollars' worth of groceries. Now it's easy." —*Capper's Weekly*

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Sports SUPER STARS

THE GOLDEN AGE of Sports burst into being on that broiling afternoon in 1919 when Jack Dempsey pulverized gigantic Jess Willard in three savage rounds. It was the same year that a pitcher named Babe Ruth moved to the outfield and smashed out 29 home runs. Eleven fabulous years later, when Bobby Jones swept golfdom's Grand Slam and won a tumultuous ticker-tape parade, it was still going strong. It was an age of heroes, a time for heroics, and Americans may never see its like again.

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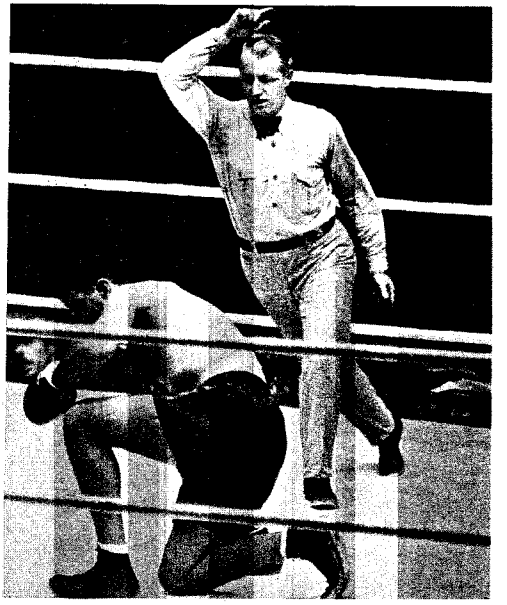
Dazzling speed and skill marked ring bouts between lighter men. Among them, Benny Leonard *(right)* was supréme.



But the greatest glory was to be found in the heavyweight division, and to Dempsey went the chief glory of all.

BOXING had never known such stalwarts. Among the lightweights was Benny Leonard, a fighting windmill. Lacking speed and punch, Tommy Loughran made up for them with a fighting heart, and ruled the light-heavyweights. Another promising 165-pounder was an ex-marine named Gene Tunney, who sometimes quoted Shakespeare.

But even in defeat, it was Dempsey all the way—Dempsey who drew the crowds, who battered his way from obscurity to the most glittering diadem in fistiana: the heavyweight title. He won it from Willard and defended it against Firpo, although he had to climb off the sportswriters' laps—where the Wild Bull had knocked him—to do it.

Then, in the pouring rain that fell on Philadelphia on September 23, 1926, he lost it all to Gene Tunney, who jabbed the Manassa Mauler to a bleeding pulp. Hardly had the crown been adjusted on the new champion's head than a rematch was arranged for Chicago's Soldier Field. There, in the seventh round, Dempsey finally caught up with the elusive Tunney. He battered him down and hovered over him as the crowd roared. But Referee Dave Barry refused to begin to count until Dempsey went to a neutral corner. Tunney writhed on the canvas. The timekeeper's toll went to 13. With the official count at nine, the champion arose—Dempsey had lost his chance. After that, it was jab and parry to the end.

With the decision, Tunney's was the arm raised in victory. Bitter were the words, "Win-nah, and still champeen," which rang in Dempsey's ears and, once and for all, he hung up his gloves.

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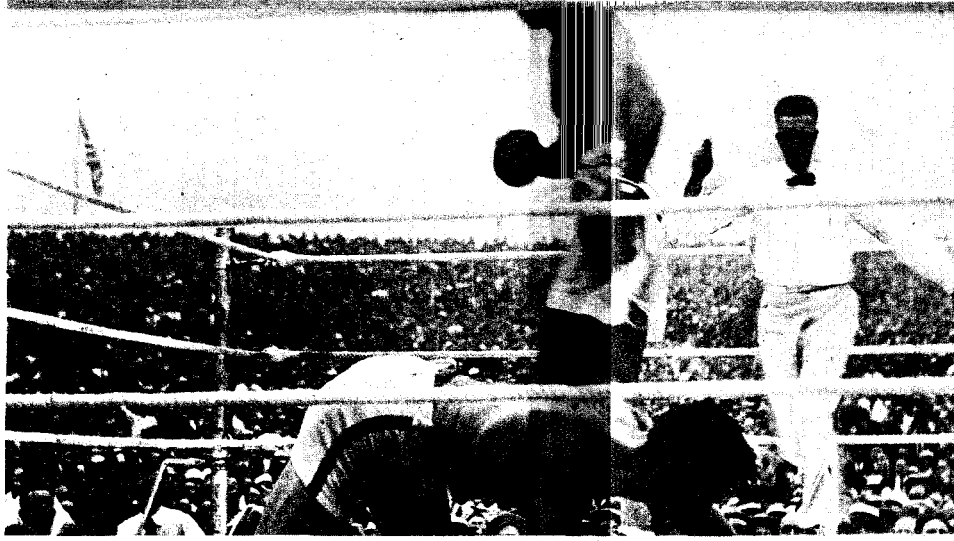
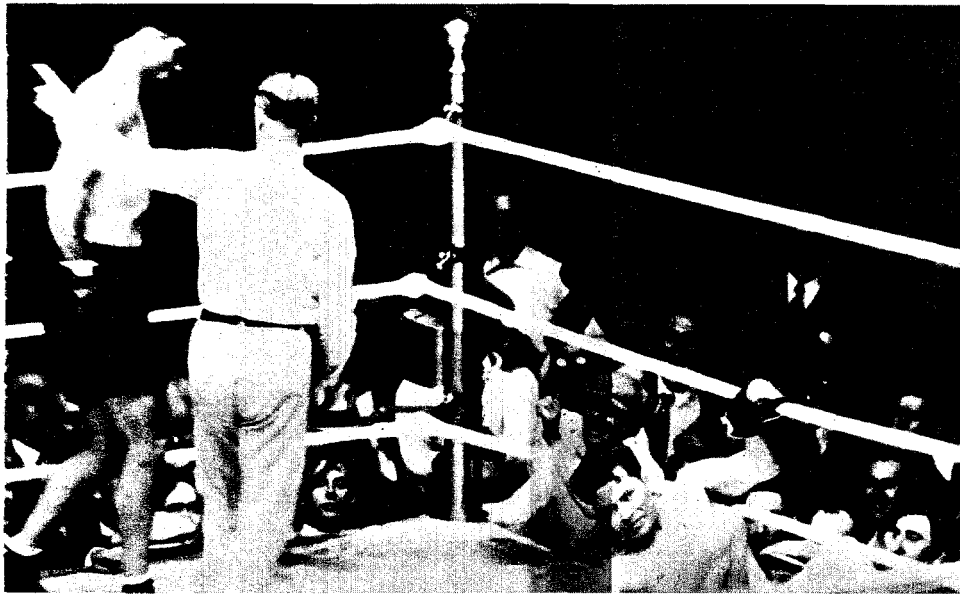


Until the Golden Age, boxing was a furtive, side-show spectacle which was banned in many cities. With respectability came tremendous crowds to fill arenas all over the U.S. The Dempsey-Carpentier bout grew into a huge international attraction.



Color drew crowds. An indefinable flair that is the hallmark of the greatest champions evoked frenzied cheers and tumultuous applause. No one ever pulled on a glove who had more color than the scowling, hard-punching Manassa Mauler.

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A tennis court is one of the few arenas of sport where a match between women ranks in interest with one between men. And few women have played with the force and skill that Helen Wills displayed whenever she stepped on a tennis court.

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THE EMPEROR JONES they called him, and with good reason: on a golf course, Bobby Jones came first. He won his first national title in 1923, and his last rounded out the famous Grand Slam of 1930. In a field that included such a galaxy of champions as Gene Sarazen, Leo Diegel, and Walter Hagen, only Jones and his magic putter, Calamity Jane, meant anything to millions of golf fans. The 15,000 who saw him sink the last putt at Merion in Pennsylvania where he first played as a frightened 14-year-old, will never forget Bobby Jones —the man who won the U. S. and British Open and Amateur Tournaments in a single year.

And what Jones was on the links, William T. Tilden II was on a court. Tennis had never seen the likes of Big Bill. His rocketing service dominated the field all through the incredible 1920s. Tennis and Tilden were so intermingled that when the lanky Philadelphian was temporarily suspended from the Davis Cup team in France, Frenchmen stood outside the American Embassy and chanted, "We want Beeg Beel," until the ambassador asked the Davis Cup Committee to reinstate Tilden. They did.

Suzanne Lenglen, on court and off, was the most spectacular female ever to hold a racket. Once, she kept the Queen of England—and a packed gallery—waiting 30 minutes before she appeared for her match at historic Wimbledon. Never a powerhouse, Suzanne could hit with such deadly accuracy that her opponents were often exhausted from running before the first set ended. There was only one La Belle Suzanne.

Possessed of marvelous co-ordination and lasting powers, Bill Tilden was still a top contender after he had passed 50.

Jones' *(right)* fabulous achievements on the golf course made him a national hero and popularized the link game.

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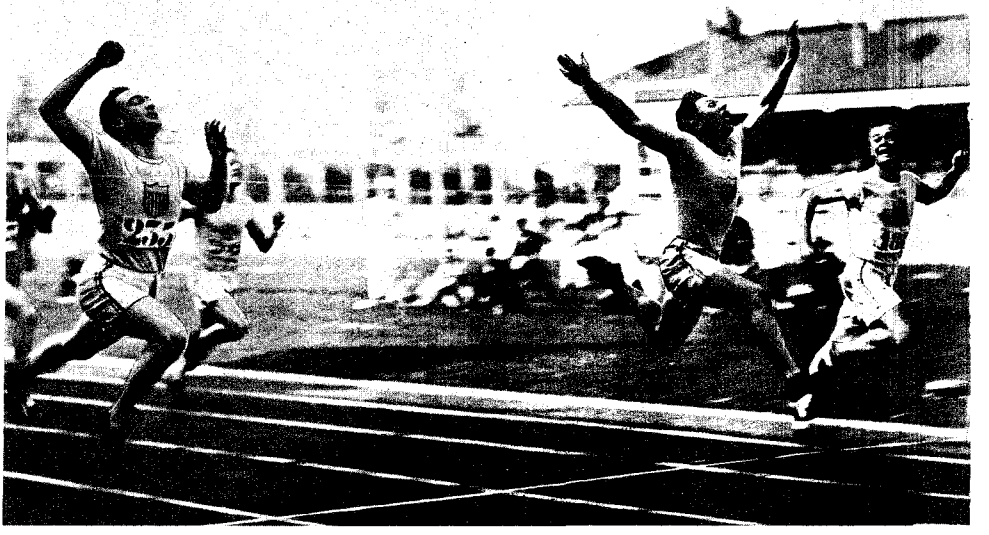
IN ONE INCREDIBLE DAY during the 1924 Olympics in Paris, a stocky Finn named Paavo Nurmi won the 1,500- and 5,000-meter races within 90 minutes—his flashing speed shattering the record for both events. Between 1921, when he lost the 800-meter event, and 1925, when he lost at the same distance, Nurmi was undefeated on the track. In that time, The Phantom Finn broke eight world's records, and showed his heels to track stars like Joie Ray and Willie Ritola. In 1932, at the age of 35, having already won six Olympic titles, he sat under the stands during the Los Angeles Olympiad, waiting to break some more records. Fortunately for the youngsters competing, he was declared ineligible.

The Athlete of the Half-Century, Indian Jim Thorpe appeared in sports headlines about football, baseball, track, and field.



Charley Paddock, seen here in his characteristic both-feet-off-the-ground finish, was known as "The Fastest Human." In one of his races, a brick wall collapsed in his path, but his speed was so great that he was able to run through the debris and win.

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On the long-distance tracks, the importance of speed is equaled by the need for a steady pace and almost superhuman endurance. By running behind streetcars in his native Finland, Nurmi developed the rolling gait that was virtually unbeatable.

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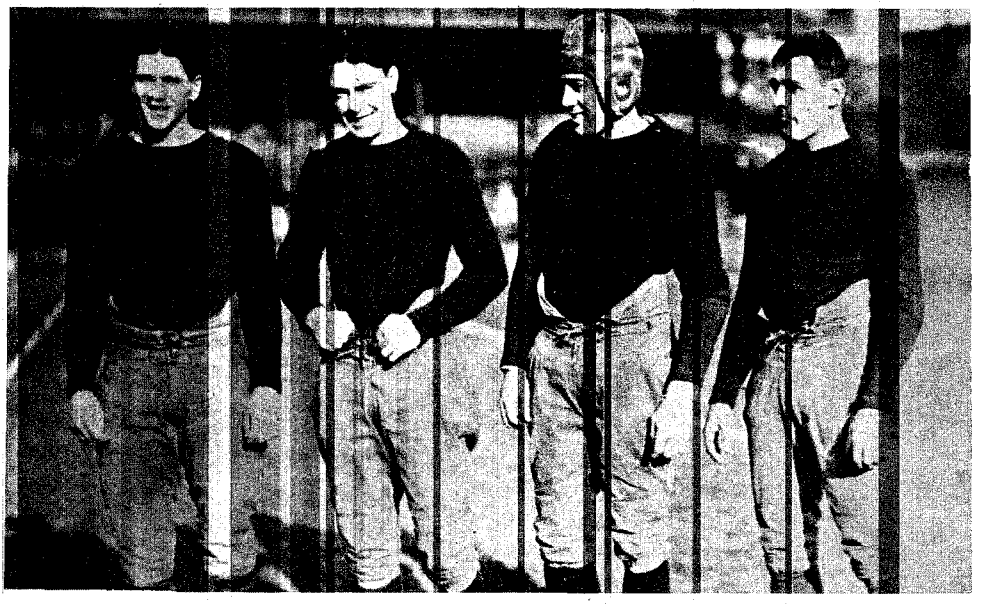
Each of the 11 men on a football team plays a vital part in every phase of attack and defense. But dazzling broken-field runs and sparkling passes are what the spectators pay to see, and that is why Red Grange became the hero of pro football.



Army's Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside, Fordham's Seven Blocks of Granite—such are the rare combinations whose reputation alone often beats the other team before the game is begun. Greatest of all were the illustrious Four Horsemen of Notre Dame.

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BEFORE WORLD WAR I, football had been a bruising sport that attracted mostly Ivy League students. Suddenly, people who had never crossed a college campus turned into do-or-die adherents of the old school. Huge concrete stadiums were built and crammed to capacity every Saturday afternoon. Halfbacks and their omniscient coaches became national heroes.

Leading the parade was the Illinois whirlwind, Red Grange. There wasn't anything he couldn't do with a pigskin, and for three amazing years he proved it every time his magical No. 77 flashed across a gridiron. In 12 minutes of one celebrated game, the Galloping Ghost took the ball four times. Result: four touchdowns.

In 1918, Knute Rockne took over the Notre Dame eleven and promptly put it on the football map. It was the Rock who spurred the great George Gipp, a bright flame that flickered out tragically at the end of the 1920 season. It was the Rock who unveiled the most famous football combination of all time—the fabulous Four Horsemen. And it was the Rock who could exhort his teams to heights that seemed to transcend the capabilities of flesh and blood.

Playing out the string of a poor 1928 season, Notre Dame came to Yankee Stadium in New York to play a favored Army team. For the first time Rockne told his boys of George Gipp's dying wish: "Sometime, when the team's down and out, Rock, ask them to go out and win one for the Gipper." At the game's end, Gipp, wherever he was, must have been happy. Final score: Notre Dame 12, Army 6.

The press often endows coache mystical power. But when Knute R died, football lost its top str

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Some stars of the Golden Age, like Johnny Weissmuller, went into the movies.

THE SWIMMING LANES of the '20s were dominated by a slim maiden and a tall, deep-chested man. Gertrude Ederle evoked international frenzy when she became the first woman to swim the English Channel, breaking the speed record in the bargain and getting the keys to New York and a riotous celebration on her return. Johnny Weissmuller, who later became the most famous of movie Tarzans, sliced the record of the 100-yard free-style and set a new mark—51 seconds—that stood for 16 years.

Also with the dawn of the Golden Decade, basketball was coming into its own. There weren't many top college teams, and it took the Original Celtics of New York to put the hoop game into sport's big leagues. At a time when professional hoopsters played for whatever club was offering the most money on a given night, the Celtics clung together for 11 years and, in winning more than 90 per cent of their games, made basketball a sport that millions were willing to pay to see.

So polished and speedy were they on the court that after dazzling their opponents with spectacular play and piling up an awesome lead—which they did frequently—they would experiment with variations conceived in the locker room. In this way, they innovated much of the strategy and technique which changed basketball from a game of accuracy alone to one that embodied such crowd-thrillers as the fast break and the famed pivot play.

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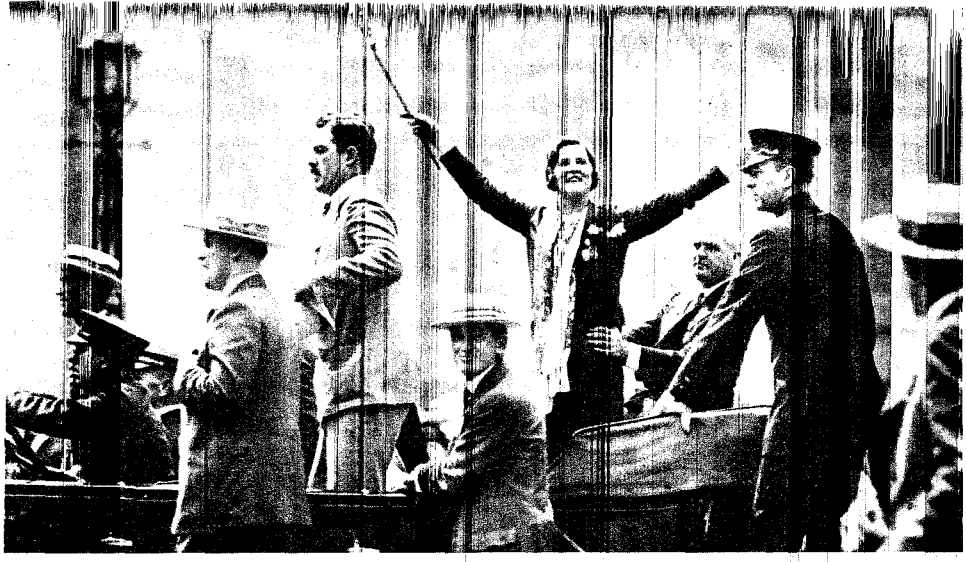

Not infrequently, the feats of America's noted athletes broke out of the sports pages and captured the imagination of the whole nation. Gertrude Ederle's remarkable Channel-swimming performance was headline news for millions across the U.S.

More action, faster performance, were what sport fans demanded unceasingly all through the 1920s. Spectators turned to basketball for a whirling display of speed, precision, and accuracy, as exemplified by the record-breaking Original Celtics.

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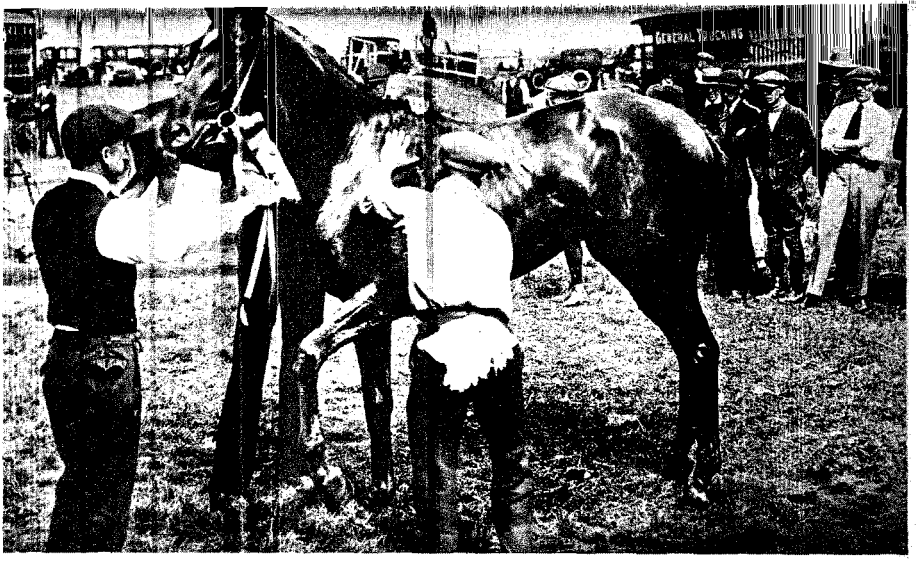

Until Americans fell in love with Man O' War, most of them felt that the world's greatest thoroughbreds raced on European tracks. Along with admiration for "Big Red's" fantastic winning streak went a feeling of gratification and national pride.

Only rarely did a Tommy Hitchcock come by to establish, almost singlehandedly, a sport like polo in the public eye.

THE ENTHUSIASM for sports lifted not only major events to the crest of the golden wave: it gave new life to older sports, it gave birth to new ones, and it made anything that involved athletic skill a certainty to draw crowds.

Man O'War, a race horse that won all but one of his starts, became a national figure. Jockey Earl Sande inspired a Damon Runyon poem, *Handy Sande.* Hard-riding Tommy Hitchcock, rated a ten-goaler for all of his 18-year career, broadened the scope of polo from the society fields to the sports pages. Six-day bicycle races packed Madison Square Garden, and thousands moaned in unison whenever favorites like Reggie MacNamara ran into a pile-up. Sir Thomas Lipton, Jim Londos, Willie Hoppe—everyone knew these names, for these were their triumphant hours.

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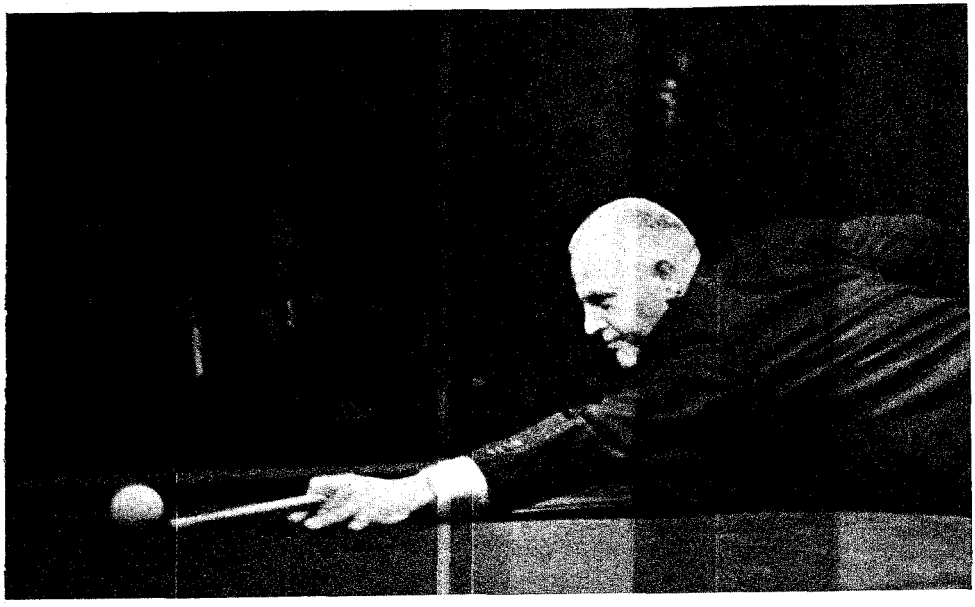
To great indoor arenas like Madison Square Garden, devotees of hard riding and spills came to see Reggie McNamara.

The bearded face of Sir Thomas Lipton personified yachting. His *Shamrocks* brought vicarious thrills to millions.



The stars of few Golden Age champions had risen before World War I. Of these, only Willie Hoppe's still shone brightly long after the era was ended. Perhaps the most durable competitor of all time, the billiard champion is still going strong.

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Although Lou Gehrig played in the shadow of the turbulent Babe Ruth for most of his career, the perspective of time has given him his rightful place in baseball history. A team player from start to finish, he was one of the greatest of Yankees.

Ty Cobb, who once told Gabby Street that he would spike his grandmother to steal a base, was the most fiercely competitive player who ever slid home with the winning run. Constant aggression and a flawless talent put him in the Hall of Fame.

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A GARGANTUAN FIGURE wearing the uniform of the New York Yankees shifted his spindly legs in the batter's box. It was World Series time in Chicago and the home crowd hooted derisively at the batter. Suddenly he lifted a massive hand. A strange silence fell over Wrigley Field as the hand pointed toward the flag in deepest center field. On the next pitch, he swung and the ball soared to the very spot at which Babe Ruth had pointed for a home run. Phenomenal? The Babe was like that.

When you have spoken the name of Ruth, you have reached down to the very heart of baseball in the 1920s, even though this was a decade of stars. There was Rogers Hornsby, who in one amazing year batted .424. Ty Cobb's fierce competitive spirit and slashing spikes still swarmed over the base paths. Tris Speaker, Burleigh Grimes, Herb Pennock, Lou Gehrig, Pie Traynor —all these had their partisans. No one who was there will ever forget the sight of old Grover Cleveland Alexander shuffling out of the bull pen during the crucial game of the St. Louis-Yankee World Series. He faced Tony Lazzeri, a deadly slugger, with the winning runs on the bases. Old Alex went to work and struck out Lazzeri in one of the final acts of a great career.

But it was the Babe who made baseball monumental, the Babe with whom all others are compared. The records he made are legion, and his titanic home-run total will probably never be eclipsed. Yet more than his onfield play, it was the Babe's broad grin that endeared him to millions and made his name synonymous with baseball.

Promising rookie pitchers are still compared to the Big Train, Walter Johnson. No one has ever matched his record.

Many were the baseball fans who went to the Polo Grounds to see fiery Giant manager McGraw berate the umpires.

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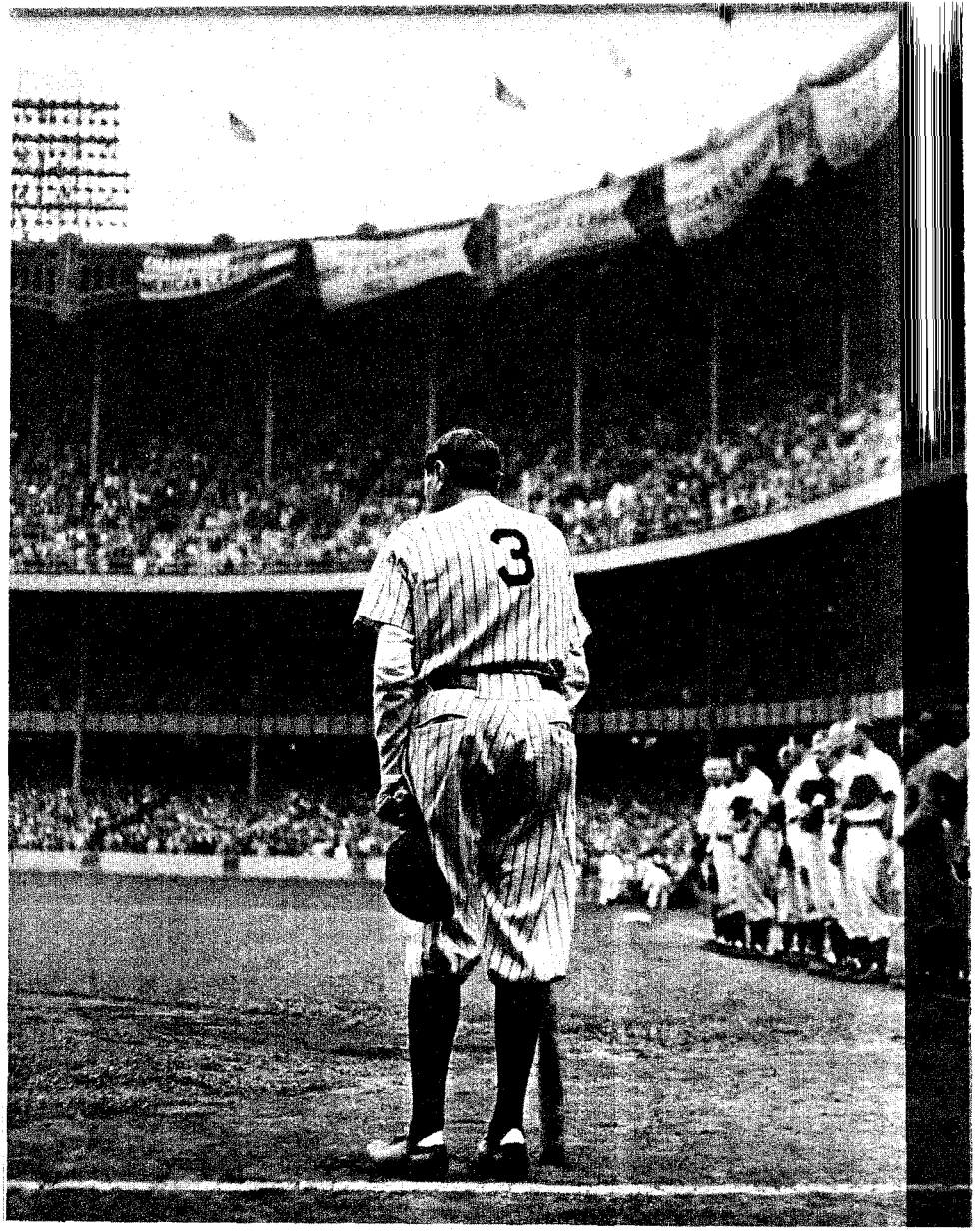

Babe Ruth's rasping voice echoed in packed grandstands as he said good-bye to fans he loved. It was June 13, 1948, and there were few dry eyes in "The House That Ruth Built." Months later, the Babe was dead. The Golden Age of Sports was over.

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HOSPITAL

Born of Heroism

by JAMES H. WINCHESTER

This postscript to World War II is an inspiring story of international friendship

AN EPIC CHAPTER in the long history of heroic sea rescues will soon be climaxed when construction starts on a $375,000, 21-bed community hospital at St. Lawrence, a tiny fishing and mining village on the rugged tip of southern Newfoundland's lonely and wind-swept Burin Peninsula.

The hospital is a gift from the people of the U. S. to the citizens of St. Lawrence and the near-by town of Lawn, who on a sleet-driven day and night nine years ago saved the lives of 220 American sailors. Funds for it were voted by Congress in an unprecedented gesture of international friendship.

The full story of courage and self-sacrifice behind this hospital born of heroism—a story blacked out at the time it happened by wartime security—can now be told.

Before dawn on the morning of February 18, 1942, fighting mountainous seas, freezing weather, and zero visibility off the Burin Peninsula, a three-vessel convoy was nearing the huge American naval base at Argentia, on Placentia Bay.

The three ships, driving ahead at a steady 12 knots in inky blackness, were off course and out of contact. Atmospheric disturbances had blanketed their electronic and radio equipment. Straight ahead were the 100-foot-high cliffs of the Newfoundland shore.

At 4:10 A. M., the navigator of the *U. S. S. Truxtun*, sighting the dark, bulky shape of land, yelled to the quartermaster at the wheel, "Change course!"

But it was too late. As the aged destroyer commenced swinging, she drove full onto the jagged rocks, a bare 60 yards from the ice-covered cliffs of Chambers Cove, three miles from St. Lawrence.

About ten minutes later, some 15 miles westward off Lawn Point, the Navy cargo ship *Pollux* and the destroyer *Wilkes*, flagship of the convoy, met similar disaster, their

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bows coming to a halt almost against the rocky wall. The *Wilkes* was able to back off and proceed toward Argentia, unaware of the other two ships aground.

It is in situations like this that youths become men and the untried rise to heights of heroism. Among many cited for outstanding sacrifice was young Edward L. Bergeron of Cambridge, Massachusetts, apprentice seaman on the *Truxtun*. Topside, he stood helplessly on the sloping deck of the old four-stacker that had been his navy home. His teeth chattering, his eyes dulled by the shock of seeing a dozen friends washed to death by the pounding waves, the boy finally could stand it no longer.

Approaching Lieut. A. L. Newman, the executive officer, he raised his voice above the shriek of the wind. "Sir, do I have your permission to try and get ashore?"

Newman, weary beyond description from efforts to launch life rafts and boats, only to see them battered to pieces, raised his eyes in silent consent. That was all Bergeron needed. Off came his pea jacket, his blouse, until finally he stood in the near-zero temperature in shorts.

While a hundred men watched desperately, he grabbed an ice-coated rail and lowered himself into the freezing seas. For twenty, year-long minutes the men on ship watched him battle his way toward the ice-sheathed rocks.

A SAILOR, PERCHED perilously on the bow, was first to see that Bergeron had reached the cliff. "He's made it!" he yelled toward the bridge. "He's made it!"

Half-frozen, bleeding, battered, Bergeron began to climb the cliff. It took him 35 despairing, agonizing minutes to reach the top. Then, anxious eyes on the ship saw him struggle to his feet and disappear, swallowed up in the swirling snow.

Pure instinct carried Bergeron forward. Dozens of times he fell to his knees, but every time he rose again and stumbled ahead. Finally, out of the murky morning light, he saw the buildings of a fluorspar mine and made out the shadowy shapes of moving men. Dimly he heard one shout, "Who is that?"

Bergeron was beyond all feeling when kindly hands lifted him into the comforting warmth of a shed. But before he lapsed into a merciful coma, he stammered the plight of the men fighting for life on the destroyer's wave-swept decks.

Meanwhile, in midmorning, five men from the *Pollux*, led by Lieut. (jg) Russell Garnaus, managed to get ashore in a whaleboat, carrying a light line. As the boat pounded against the rocks, two sailors, Warren Greenfield and Bill DeRosa, were pitched into the water.

"Keep your heads up, men!" yelled Garnaus. Then he went over the side and boosted them onto the rocks. "You guys stay here!" Garnaus told his four shivering companions. "I'll try and get topside."

With that, he started toward the top of the 120-foot-high cliff, so slippery with frozen spray that he had to cut toe and hand holds with a hunting knife. On top he secured his line from the ship, then headed back to pick up Greenfield and DeRosa.

Up the cliff they went, then set out barefoot in the snow to seek help. After an hour of heartbreak-

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ing struggle through the wind-driven sleet, young DeRosa cried weakly: "I can't make it any further, Lieutenant. You and Warren go on by yourselves."

Garnaus put out his arm for support, but it was too late. The young sailor fell on his face and lay still in the snow. Garnaus picked him up and staggered forward. Every few steps he would lower his face to ask the sailor if he was all right. But soon there was no answer. DeRosa had died in his lieutenant's arms.

Garnaus and Greenfield laid him down gently in the snow, said a short prayer, and then struck out again. They staggered on for two more hours before meeting a search party from Lawn, already on their way to help the ship's survivors.

And so it went throughout the long, heroic day. Some officers and men reached shore; many others were drowned.

THE MINERS ALERTED by Bergeron reached the *Truxtun* shortly after noon. Disregarding their own safety, they clambered down the rocks to reach exhausted survivors at the bottom. Wading into the icy waters, they dragged half-frozen seamen to the foot of the cliff, where ropes hauled them to the top.

In a later report to Navy authorities, one of the rescuers, Joseph Manning, described their trek to the *Pollux* and their eventual rescue of some 137 men under incredibly difficult conditions. It is a heart-pulling account of sheer courage.

"I'd gone to church as usual that morning. Shortly afterwards, we got a report there was an American destroyer ashore at Chambers Cove. About 2 o'clock we got another report that a ship was ashore on Lawn Point but we had no foundation as to whether it was correct or not. That would be a long journey on a fool errand as it is about ten miles by land and only four by water. But we thought there might be something to it, so Jim and Tom Connors started off on foot to see if they could see her and I got a horse and said I'd go and have a look.

"We picked up some more men on the way until we finally had eight men and five horses. We had to climb over rugged hills and rocks to reach the point where the ship was wrecked.

"When we got there we almost didn't see the men. But finally one of our men spotted them ashore under the big head. We looked down at some of them in a big gulch.

"These men signaled that an even larger group was around the head of land known as Lawn Point. It was 5:20 P.M. Everything was a sheet of glittering ice and you had to watch your step. We rigged a leading line from the top down to the bottom of the cliffs and started hauling them up.

"After we got three men up I took them and started to look for wood. We took boards from the sled to start a fire. Meanwhile a handful of men from St. Lawrence and Corbin arrived to help. Working on the cliff, hauling the men up, they were exposed to the spray breaking over the cliffs. None of the men had oilskins.

"At 2 A.M. they hauled the Captain out of the sea. I stopped and looked at the men around the fire. I have often seen pictures of the

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Pilgrims in books and that was what these men looked like to me. Some had blankets around them. More did not. You couldn't get near the fire for the men. You had to throw logs and wood right over their heads to hit the fire.

"By 5 A.M. we had pulled the last survivors to the top of the cliff. We credit ourselves with saving 137."

By noon of February 19, the survivors from both ships were gathered in St. Lawrence. The Newfoundlanders turned homes and beds over to the exhausted men. When they awakened, they found dry clothes waiting. Later in the day, a U. S. destroyer steamed down from Argentia to take them to a hospital there.

Of the 377 officers, men, and passengers aboard the two vessels, some 197 perished by drowning or exposure. But all would surely have died but for the unselfish and courageous Newfoundlanders.

On February 25, 1942, press secretary Steve Early called White House newsmen into his office and handed them a message from President Roosevelt, addressed to the people of St. Lawrence and Lawn:

"I have just learned of the magnificent and courageous work you rendered and of the sacrifices you made in rescuing and caring for the personnel of the U. S. ships grounded on your shores. As Commander-in-Chief and on behalf of the Navy and as President of the United States, I wish to express my grateful appreciation of your heroic action which is typical of your proud, seafaring community."

Later, it was Roosevelt who made the suggestion that a hospital be given the community as a lasting token of appreciation. Enthusiastic approval was granted by the Newfoundland Government, who assured Navy authorities that the hospital would be staffed and maintained after its construction. The Newfoundland Fluorspar Mining Company, whose men helped so nobly in the rescue, promised to fit the new building with $3,500 worth of X-ray equipment. The village of St. Lawrence agreed to pay the salaries of doctors and nurses.

Now, on the top of a lonely wind-swept cliff, the walls of a haven of mercy will rise, a shelter where the ill and injured may seek help. It will stand for years as a shining monument of faith and friendship between two great nations of the Western World.

Words in Bloom

Church steeples pointing at the sky like hands in prayer.

Piercing train whistles punctuating the night with exclamation points of sound.

Weary travelers slumped in their seats—marooned on an island of their thoughts.

—WALTER WINCHELL

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Sudden Death to Crab Grass!

by RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.

Here's good news for the home gardener: science at last has found an effective compound to rid lawns of a stubborn weed

GENERATIONS of homeowners have tussled with a stubborn enemy—crab grass. The tough, tenacious little weed sprouts from spring to late summer, choking out real grass on countless American lawns.

Exasperated gardeners have tried all kinds of weapons to rout the enemy. Salt, motor oil, boron, and a variety of home-mixed and commercial spreads have been poured on the iron-constitution plant. Some compounds ruined the lawn, some were too poisonous for complete safety, some simply did not work.

Now science has discovered that potassium cyanate will kill the pesky weed. And this summer lawn lovers at long last will enjoy smooth, green crab-grass-free turf.

The discovery was no accident. For years, horticulturists and botanists experimented with chemicals in an effort to produce a compound that would kill weeds but leave healthy grass unharmed. Until 1946, sodium arsenite remained the best compromise; but this could poison animals and humans. Also, used in large quantities it severely burned permanent grass.

In 1946, technicians at Rhode Island Agricultural Experiment Station perfected a weed killer with a mercury base. It worked on crab grass but still was poisonous. Then, in 1948, three Rutgers University scientists added potassium cyanate, a chemical normally used to harden steel. The result was a mixture that destroyed crab grass, only singed the tips of the turf and, finally, could be used without danger.

Now experiments shifted to American Cyanamid Company's central research laboratories at Stamford, Connecticut, where the discovery underwent rigorous tests. Next year, samples of the product went off to experiment stations in Georgia, Indiana, New Jersey, New York, Illinois, Nebraska, California, Ontario, and other field laboratories. Investigators were asked to find out: Does it work? Is it safe? How should it be used? Most important, can the average lawn owner employ it "effectively"?

The replies were so encouraging that last year the product was released in limited quantities for tests under everyday conditions. From the U. S. Military Academy, whose 400 acres of rolling lawns keep 21

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men busy cutting and planting the year-round, came a report from Chief Forester Theodore Glowa: "I can safely say that our control ran from 95 to 100 per cent, with no permanent injury or lasting discoloration to the basic grasses."

Dr. Fred V. Grau, director of the U. S. Golf Association's greens section, testified: "We give cyanate top billing as a crab-grass control for the average homeowner." And a Department of Agriculture official enthused: "It's the first nonpoisonous herbicide that will kill crab grass without permanent injury to Kentucky blue grass!"

Cyanate is now available in department stores, garden-supply houses, and hardware stores under a variety of brand names. These include "Weedone Crabgrass Killer," "Weedanol Cyanol," "Double-O Crabgrass Killer," "P. C. 80," "Miller PC Weed Killer," "Miller's Crabgrass Killer," "Crabgraxx," "Greevers Crabgrass Killer," "Crab-Not Crabgrass Killer," "Selco Crabgrass Killer," and "Ded-Weed Crabgrass Killer." And cyanate, under whatever name, is the cheapest anti-crab-grass agent on the market today.

Spring seedling crab grass, for instance, can be controlled for as little as a dollar per 1,200 square feet of lawn. About twice as much is needed if only one treatment is made in late summer, when the weed is at its hardy prime.

Any homeowner can apply the compound easily and safely, any time during the season. However, if the cyanate is used early in the summer, a second treatment may be necessary later, because more seeds may have germinated.

The chemical takes hold best on moist ground, after watering or a good rain. Directions for making the mixture are simple. And it is easily sprayed on the grass by any sprinkler, sprayer, or watering can.

Once it strikes crab grass, chemistry goes to work. Each tiny globule of the watered chemical destroys the leaf cells. And since these cells manufacture food for the whole plant, the crab grass is soon starved to death. Your own "good" grass may get brown at the tips, but the next mowing will take care of it.

Despite the fatal effectiveness of cyanate, crab grass will rarely vanish for good after a one-season treatment, since scattered seeds may germinate the following year. But even then, only minor spotting is needed to eliminate the plant and restore your whole lawn to verdant green.

For Persuading Females

IN HIS YOUTH, on the farm, the late Carl Van Doren was preparing one fall to attend a near-by carnival. A hired man suggested "Whyn't you ask one o' the gals hereabouts t' go with y'?"

Young Carl replied that he was awkward in the art of persuading females. "I wouldn't know," he confessed, "how to ask 'em."

It was then that the sage philosopher of the cornfields gave counsel that Van Doren sought ever afterward to remember. "Heck, bub," he said, "there ain't no WRONG way!" —*Tales of Hoffman*

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A Doll for Catherine

As told to RENAH ALSBERG

THE FIRST TIME I was called to treat the pretty little six-year-old girl, her mother took me aside. "Catherine is very shy," she said. "She doesn't want anyone to touch her, not anyone she doesn't know." And almost pleadingly, she added: "You see, my little girl is blind. If she seems to be a bit more difficult than other children her age . . ."

Catherine looked like a little angel, with her golden curls and lovely, small features. Dark, long lashes framed her eyes—deep blue eyes which were utterly useless because nature, in her incomprehensible way, had given them no life.

I don't recall what it was that helped me win her confidence that day, or what we talked about. But by the time I asked her to let me look into her throat—a badly infected throat—we had become good friends, and all the shyness was gone.

I enjoyed those daily visits, and often I sat at Catherine's bed, telling her stories, lending her my eyes to look into our world. She, in turn, would lead me into hers—a strange, dark world, devoid of friendly faces and the brilliance of nature. Yet, Catherine voiced no hint of feeling cheated. She had that beautiful fortitude God seems to give the handicapped as a recompense for their suffering. And I felt the agony all doctors feel when faced by insoluble problems.

Catherine's throat healed quickly, but I had grown so fond of her that I continued seeing her as often as I could. One day I saw a doll in a shop window and bought it for her.

Fondling the doll, she said, "She has curly hair like mine, hasn't she? And a nose and mouth like mine, too?"

Then suddenly Catherine's fingers reached the doll's closed eyes. She hesitated a moment. She frowned, as if she were considering a question she dared not ask. Then she hugged the doll more tenderly than before and whispered, "Please, dear God, don't let *her* be blind, too."

That moment, I was glad Catherine could not see me. For there were tears in my eyes—tears for the doctor who could not help.

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Ohio's ATOM STORY

by FRANK SIEDEL

The tireless research of a team of scientists holds new hope for cancer victims

IN 1925, JACK VICTOREEN, a promising young physicist, was in the business of manufacturing super-superheterodyne radios in Cleveland. His radios were scientific marvels, quite in keeping with Victoreen's professional reputation, but they could hardly be called an economic success.

Victoreen's proficiency in electronics began to be talked about and word of it reached the research director of the Cleveland Clinic, who happened to be in need of electronic assistance. He called on Jack and stated his problem.

The Clinic had been experimenting with X rays for treating cancer. The fact had long been established that the X ray would destroy cancerous tissue, but when used incorrectly the rays also destroyed normal tissue and often did more harm than good.

"It's all a matter of dosage," the doctor explained to Victoreen. "If there is too much radiation, normal cells are destroyed. With too little, cancerous cells are not affected."

"How do you go about determining the correct radiation for various cases?" Victoreen asked.

"We have learned to use our machines effectively by trial-and-error method, but that's what we'd like to eliminate," the doctor explained. "You see, no two machines are alike. There's no method of measuring the amount of radiation a patient is getting, so clinical experience in one hospital is useless in another. Now, can you build a machine to measure radiation?"

By 1926, Victoreen had built a machine that served the clinic's purpose. Soon there were orders from other hospitals, and by 1928 the devices had elbowed the radios right out of Jack's little shop.

Then, early in 1942, mysterious visitors came on a mysterious errand. "Your X-ray measuring devices," one of them said, "could probably be adapted to measuring radiation from another source, could they not?"

"What source?" Victoreen asked.

"Any source at all. From the sun, let us say."

"Now, look," Victoreen said impatiently, "I'm a busy man—"

"You also happen to be an important man," the visitor said, closing the door. "You're one of the

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few men in the country who've been able to build a practical device for measuring radiant energy, and that's what we want to talk to you about. We're working on an assignment for the government known as Manhattan Project."

Now it happens that you can't see radiant energy. You can't feel it or weigh it or smell it or taste it. But with the instrument Victoreen built for the Manhattan Project, you hear it.

The device is called the Geiger Counter. It was invented in Germany and improved upon by Victoreen. Particles of radiant energy thrown off by disintegrated atoms register a sharp click as they strike the electrically charged Geiger-Mueller tube. The more radiant energy present in the vicinity, the louder and faster become the clicks. Victoreen instruments are so sensitive they will burst into a frenzy of clicks when nothing more radioactive than a luminous watch dial is held near the apparatus.

Now, offhand, the incredible sensitivity of these instruments would seem to have little to do with the 70,000 radioactive corpses of Hiroshima. It may be, though, that Jack Victoreen's contribution to the Manhattan Project will one day be the means of balancing that ghastly entry on the account books of humanity. Much will depend upon the outcome of another atom incident in the Ohio area.

AFTER THE BOMB TEST at Bikini in 1946, there wasn't a moment's peace for the Victoreen atom-counters. They were saying that the sea and the air, the flotsam and jetsam, were laden with atomic death.

Two of the observers were scientists from Ohio State University. One was a physicist, the other a medical doctor who was devoting his career to research in radiology.

In their quarters aboard a Navy ship, the physicist, whom we shall call Dr. Howard, was reading a government bulletin which said the Manhattan Project's uranium pile would be made available to qualified institutions to produce radioactive substances for research. Many substances that seemed to have research applications had already been placed in the pile and were available for the asking. The bulletin described their properties.

Dr. Howard called the attention of his young colleague, whom we shall call Dr. Mitchel, to one item.

"You were looking for something that had high Gamma concentration and low Beta, were you not?"

"That's right," Dr. Mitchel replied. "For my purposes, the Gamma rays are helpful."

"You might look at what they have to say here about Cobalt 60."

Dr. Mitchel studied the page. "The physical properties of Cobalt are something like aluminum, aren't they? You could make, well, say, needles out of it, couldn't you?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," Howard answered, "it would have some of the physical characteristics of aluminum. It can be rolled into sheets, drawn into wire, and so on."

"If you made needles of it—say about the size of darning needles—how much would they cost?"

"Less than a cent, I suppose. What do you have in mind?"

"Just a hope," Mitchel said.

A few months later he was back

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in Columbus, pursuing the hope that was born on Bikini. He was in the laboratory of a friend and former classmate whom we shall call Dr. Davis, associate professor of radiology at the Ohio State University hospital.

"Joe," Mitchel asked, "how much radium does it take to do any important work in cancer treatment?"

"Well, I would want about 20 grams to open a cancer hospital," Davis answered.

"How much would that cost?"

"Without the hospital, the 20 grams would be worth about two million dollars."

"That's what I thought," Mitchel said. "And if you had a million dollars' worth of radium, you still couldn't treat more than a handful of cases in a day, I suppose?"

"That's right. That's one reason radium treatments cost so much."

"Joe, while I was on Bikini, I read about radioactive Cobalt being available for research. Looks to me like it might be useful for treating cancer. I would give you a supply of needles, like darning needles, which you could insert in the cancerous tissue so that you'd always get an even distribution of Gamma rays. If I could give you a hundred such needles for just a few dollars, what would you say?"

"Can you do it?"

"I don't know," Mitchel said, "but I think so."

Dr. Mitchel secured a supply of Cobalt alloy wire which was already being made commercially for other purposes. In his laboratory he filed them into needles. He drew up instructions for the scientists at Oak Ridge, and sent his needles there to be made radioactive.

By the time the needles were ready, Mitchel had made a lead box with walls six inches thick in which to transport the needles from Oak Ridge to Columbus. The Ohio State Development Fund provided the doctor with 1,200 mice and some auxiliary equipment, including a Victoreen counter, and the experiment began.

MONTHS OF EXPERIMENTING with mice convinced Drs. Mitchel and Davis of the merits of their Cobalt treatment. In April, 1948, they tried it on a patient who was past help otherwise. The results were beyond expectations. They sent a routine report to the Atomic Energy Commission, which took one look at their clinical data and released the news to the world.

Immediately, the doctors were overwhelmed by reporters from all over the nation, demanding more information. That was handled in an official press conference. Less easily disposed of were the hundreds of cancer sufferers who converged on the Ohio State campus, pleading to be saved. The doctors were sympathetic but helpless. It was still an experiment. They had no facilities and little clinical data with which to work.

When the excitement had died down somewhat, the doctors went back to work. In July they were ready for their first large-scale clinical experiment. They selected 24 uterine cancer cases which had been pronounced hopeless by recognized authorities, and treated them with the Cobalt needles.

In every case, the tumors stopped growing and began to disappear. A year and a half later the malignant

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growth had not reappeared in any of the treated areas.

Ohio State medical authorities avoid using the word "cure" in connection with the Cobalt treatment, which is still in the experimental stage. In careful language they say only that the treatment "is the best found so far for certain types of tumors in certain areas." Meanwhile the clinical experiments are going ahead on a tremendous and well-organized scale.

Mitchel has turned his needles over to specialists and embarked on an even more exciting prospect. He is seeking an element or compound that can be made radioactive and will be attracted, when taken internally, to cancerous tissue only. If he finds it, the day may come when the family physician or perhaps a public-health agency will be able to administer a certain substance to anyone who fears cancer.

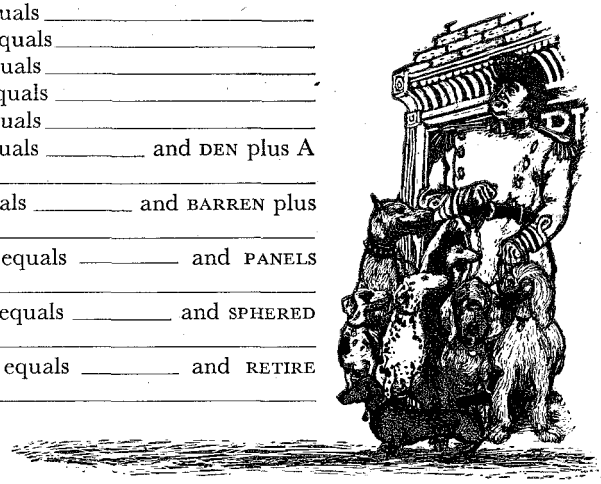
A few days or hours later, a technician may be able to scan the body with a Victoreen counter. The telltale clicks will indicate the presence of the dread malignancy, but it will no longer need to be feared because a simple operation will remove it forever.

Since 200,000 people in the U.S. die each year from cancer, there's promise that the ghastly account of Hiroshima will yet be balanced by the atom incidents that took place in a Midwestern radio shop and a state-university hospital.

Canine Crosswords

FOR THOSE with canine know-how, here's a challenging test. Each word below is a dog's name; unscramble the word, add the letter shown, and you've got it. For instance, WHO plus C is CHOW. From number 6 through number 10 each dog has a compound name. Score: 9 or 10 correct—you're a general in the K-9 Corps; 6 to 8—lieutenant; 5 or less—you're in for K-9 K.P.! Answers are on page 137.

1. ROBE plus X equals _____
2. LOPED plus O equals _____
3. SMOKE plus I equals _____
4. GABLE plus E equals _____
5. CELLO plus I equals _____
6. RAGE plus T equals _____ and DEN plus A equals _____
7. ANTS plus I equals _____ and BARREN plus D equals _____
8. CROCK plus E equals _____ and PANELS plus I equals _____
9. RANGE plus M equals _____ and SPHERED plus H equals _____
10. BOOST plus N equals _____ and RETIRE plus R equals _____



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I WAS DRIVING to work one day when I noticed a very old car, newly painted, parked at the curb. I was thinking how well it looked when I suddenly had to swerve to avert an accident and realized too late that I had grazed the fender of the car I had just been admiring.

I got out to discover that I had done very little damage. Nevertheless, the car that but a moment before had shown not the slightest sign of carelessness now bore the mark of mine. I went into several near-by stores but failed to locate the driver. So I left a note behind the windshield wiper, reading: "I'm the one who damaged your fender. I tried to find you but couldn't. If you will please call at my office I will gladly pay for its repair." And signed my name and address.

It was midafternoon when an elderly gentleman handed me the note and asked, "Did you write this?" I started to explain when I noticed a slight smile creeping over his kindly old face. "My dear child," he said, "I hadn't the slightest notion of collecting for that little scratch. I only wanted the privilege of meeting a woman who was honest enough to admit damaging the other fellow's car when no one saw her do it." And with a smile he closed the door behind him.

—MRS. J. B. RICHIE

SHE WAS ONLY four years old but she knew her daddy was in some kind of trouble. She sensed it from the deep lines in his face, the look in his eyes. Anxiously she climbed up on his lap and asked, "Daddy, can I help you?"

A slow smile twisted her father's lips. "How do you think a little girl can help?"

Her arms closed tightly about his neck as she answered, "With loving."

—THE REV. EDGAR T. CHRISEMER

ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS who is now a successful man once faced the most desperate time of his entire career. While in the Armed Forces overseas, he was hit in the throat by shrapnel and lost his voice. Many long months were spent in the hospital, and doctors finally repaired the damage. Organically, he was now able to speak again. But still he couldn't speak.

With his wife, he rented a little beach cottage on a lonely shore of Puget Sound. Then began the long battle of learning to talk again. None of us heard from him for more than a year and, recently, I asked him—knowing what a tremendous task he had faced—how he had managed to do it. Speaking quietly, with heavy emotion in his now-perfect voice, he told us the story.

"Early one Sunday morning, I walked along the rocky beach with thoughts of suicide in my mind. I felt that I had tried hard, but without success. I walked along, my heart sick and my mind full of

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self-pity. Looking up, I saw a ragged little mongrel dog ahead of me with a large piece of driftwood in his jaws. As I came nearer, he wagged his tail and his eyes pleaded with me to play with him. Soon we were romping about. I would throw the wet wood, and he would scramble down the beach and retrieve it. On one throw I misjudged, and the piece sank into water about three feet deep.

"Undaunted, the little dog swam out and tried to dive for the wood. Time and time again, he tried before he finally became so winded that he was forced back to shore. There he sat, looking toward the water and thumping his stubby tail with disappointment. As it had begun to rain, I left him and returned to the cottage.

"As my wife and I sat down to eat another silent dinner, I heard a plaintive whining and a scratching at our door. I opened it, and there stood my little mongrel friend. But what a difference in his looks since morning!

Wet, shivering with cold, water from his coat dripping off the porch, he was the picture of abject woe. But in his eyes there was that same happy glint, for clenched firmly between his teeth was the piece of water-soaked driftwood!

"That little mongrel taught me the greatest lesson of my life. Many times thereafter, when I was about to give up, the little glittering eyes urged me on, and it wasn't long before I was able to tell the little mongrel, with my own voice, what a swell guy I thought he was."

—Gerald A. Casey

I WAS IN THE impossible position of unexpectedly having to purchase a bottle of expensive medicine in a strange town—with a check.

"Do you know anyone in the neighborhood who can identify you?" the drugstore proprietor asked kindly, looking up from the check I had placed before him on the counter. I had to confess I didn't. "Do you know anyone in town?" he persisted.

I was just about to say "Not a soul," when a voice at my elbow exclaimed: "Why, Dora — Dora Meredith!" I turned to catch a short, stout lady peering over my shoulder. "It's good to see you again," she said, shaking my hand. "When did you get in town?"

Dumb with surprise, I allowed myself to be turned round to the counter, where the smiling druggist handed me my medicine and change, then propelled out the door by this affable total stranger.

"Thought I knew you," she said with a broad wink once we were outside, "but I guess I don't here in the light. But I knew you were okay and everybody knows me—I'm the mayor's wife."

Before I could properly thank her she had hurried away. —Dora Meredith

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Radio's Lonesome Gal

by DWIGHT WHITNEY

Her haunting, sentimental voice has made Jean King a darling of the air waves and elevated her to the higher tax brackets

"HI, BABY," purrs the voice. "This is your Lonesome Gal who loves you better than anyone else in the whole world . . . Gee, I missed you over the week end. Sat around and dreamed a bit, made a batch of ice cream and read a couple of chapters of a good book. But mostly I thought of you, muffin, and wondered if you missed me, too."

This is a typical introduction to one of the most successful new disc-jockey shows in radio. It is conducted five nights weekly by a dark, honey-voiced young woman named Jean King, who prefers to be known only as Lonesome Gal.

She calls everyone "muffin," "baby," or "dreamboat," and confides that she is "the voice fulfillment of the kind of girl every man would like to have."

Judging by the response to her show, she cannot be far wrong. When the present version of the Lonesome Gal first went on the air in December, 1949, it was heard on four stations and grossed $185 a week. Today it has more than 50 outlets in major cities in the U.S. and Canada, and stands to gross a cool $150,000 to $200,000 in 1951.

Her growing army of followers cannot seem to get enough of her frankly sentimental style. She received 40,000 fan letters and 17 marriage proposals last year. "I never miss your program, because for a few minutes each night I have a girl of my own," wrote a lonely soldier. "Every time you speak it's like my romance being lived all over again," a Richmond storekeeper confided in his letter.

"You see," explains Lonesome Gal's creator, "I strike deep at something basic. People love to hear about love. I try to say what I think every guy would like to hear from his gal. Then I play a little soft music. Then I tell them, no matter how discouraged you may get, always remember that your Lonesome Gal *loves* you and is rooting for you all the way."

What many of her critics fail to

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acknowledge is that Lonesome Gal has touched upon a particularly responsive chord in human nature. Loneliness is a compelling thing, and it affects everyone. Not all the night clubs, movies, radios, television sets, comic strips, and canasta parties in the world can obliterate the fact that what people really hunger for most are simple human relationships—even those as remote as a disembodied voice coming over the air waves.

The girl who believes this wholeheartedly is a tall, good-looking, 32-year-old brunette who lives and works in Hollywood and has often been mistaken for Rosalind Russell. Actually, the Lonesome Gal show has solid roots in the loneliness of its creator, for Jean King's story has been one of triumph over adversity from the start.

Daughter of a Dallas dentist, she had a childhood infirmity which forced her to wear leg braces. Classmates made life miserable with their taunts. At 14, when she was at last able to toss her braces away, she was already a would-be song writer, and had tried singing with local dance bands.

In 1937, when Rudy Vallee was playing at the Texas Pan-American Exposition, he hired her to substitute temporarily for his girl singer, who was ailing. At the end of the run, Vallee suggested that Dallas was too small for her talents. They flipped a coin to see where she would go—to New York to model, or to Hollywood where she could use Vallee's contacts as an opening wedge to radio. Hollywood won.

Jean went West to crack radio but, ironically, she landed in the movies, playing starlet roles in everything from *Topper* to *Tarzan*. Even then, she was accustomed to calling people "baby" or "dreamboat." "I did it mostly," she confesses, "because I couldn't remember their names."

She landed her first radio job in 1943. The show was *I Love A Mystery*, and she played a character with a deep-dyed Southern accent. "The same Southern accent," Jean adds, "I spent four years trying to get rid of." After that, she landed a few more radio jobs, but not enough to keep her eating regularly. So she took whatever jobs she could find, and at various times worked as a typist, radio-transcription engineer, salesgirl, night-club singer, kindergarten teacher, and office manager of a law firm.

In 1947, broke and out of a job, she decided to visit her married sister Judy in Dayton, Ohio. So she sold her apartment furniture to pay train fare. It turned out to be the best investment she ever made.

When she arrived in Dayton, radio station WING had just severed connections with the network, leaving holes in its program schedule. The manager asked her if she had any ideas to suggest.

"I said sure, I wanted to talk about life and love and how it is to be lonesome," Jean recalls. "They said okay, pick a name. I said Lonesome Gal, which was the truth. That's what I really was."

On October 13, 1947, the Lonesome Gal went on WING and was an immediate local success. Since that time the format has changed but little, and the public reaction has changed not at all.

Even then, people would call up the station and beg to be told who

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owned that "haunting" voice. "It's driving me crazy, I can't sleep nights," one impressionable Ohioan kept insisting.

THE MYSTERY of Lonesome Gal's identity never ceases to fascinate people. At times rumors have got out of hand. Some of the more persistent are that she weighs 300 pounds (she really weighs 125); that she is 16 years old; that she's a midget; that she wears a mask because she lost her nose in an auto accident; that she's a widow with six children.

When Jean appears in public, as she does infrequently, she wears one of a dozen masks, lovingly created in sequins by a fashionable couturier. "I feel like a monkey in the zoo in one of those things," she says. However, it has one advantage. Without a mask she can go anywhere and never be noticed.

"That's what you might call one of the special problems of being my kind of gal," Jean explains. "That and my nearsightedness."

Also, Jean is bothered by her sinuses. Strangely enough, they were responsible for bringing her back to Hollywood and, subsequently, making her famous. By July, 1949, she found Eastern weather so uncomfortable that she decided to peddle The Lonesome Gal show in Hollywood. But local stations were unwilling to gamble on a show which, although successful in Dayton, was unknown in Southern California. Then she met Bill Rousseau, an experienced radio producer and director, and Bob Reichenbach, a radio-program salesman.

They came up with the idea which was to streamline the science of selling disc-jockey shows. Why not record everything except the music on wax? Then ship it around the country to subscribing sponsors who could insert their own music? They tried it out in various cities, and then put the program on Los Angeles KHJ under the sponsorship of a leading brewer.

As more and more stations began to fall into line, Jean began to meet problems. No sponsor was the same in any two localities. That meant separate commercials for each one. She made it even harder for herself by "localizing and personalizing" her chatter. "I must make the listener feel that I'm right there in his city," she explains.

She manages this by corresponding with local Chambers of Commerce which supply her with gossip about their communities. Thus, her frequent references to what she said to the town hero or local politician, or her estimate of Mary Jones' chances of becoming Queen of the May, make her sound as if she lived down the street.

This adds up to a bone-crushing amount of work. She talks the equivalent of 3½ uninterrupted air hours daily, and can write ten commercials (of about 200 words each) an hour when she's feeling "right." She works best at night, and customarily winds up a recording session at 4:30 in the morning.

"People believe in me," Jean says, "so I've got to work hard to justify that belief. If I don't sound sincere, I do it all over."

Today Jean King lives and works in a large modern house tucked away in the hills back of Hollywood. She's an amateur interior decorator, gardener, and sun wor-

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shiper in her off moments, and she indulges her passion for cooking every time she gets a chance.

Her only steady form of relaxation is reading. This she does for an hour or so before going to sleep, no matter how late it is when she finally gets to bed.

Although Jean is careful to steer clear of politics or current events on her show, she occasionally breaks the rule if the cause is worthy. One such was the case of the paraplegics being moved out of a Birmingham Veterans Hospital in California when it closed last year.

"I figured the boys were being used as a political football, and I guess I intimated as much in my comments," she says.

As for the future, Jean will stick to radio for the time as long as her public wants her. But she will not be unreceptive to television if and when she hits on the right format. "It's a tough problem for me, because what I do depends so much on the listeners' imagination."

Meantime, she has another project closer to her heart. She wants to find a Lonesome Guy as a radio mate for Lonesome Gal. She is thinking of placing an ad, which might read something like this:

WANTED: A LONESOME GUY bet. ages 25-35, must be idealistic & sentimental, quiet-voiced and speak right from heart. Good looks okay, but beautiful soul more desirable. Fame and fortune guaranteed. Apply Lonesome Gal.

So far, she has wisely restrained herself. "I'm afraid that if I ran that ad, I might wake up next morning to find a million guys camped on my doorstep."

YOUR BEST GIFT BET IS CORONET

Coronet Subscription Rates

1 year $3 2 years $5 3 years $7

PLEASE SEND CORONET TO:

your name_____ (please print)

address_____

city_____zone_____state_____

☐ 1 yr. ($3) ☐ 2 yrs. ($5) ☐ 3 yrs. ($7)

ALSO ENTER A 1-YEAR GIFT OF CORONET TO:

name_____

address_____

city_____zone_____state_____

Gift card to read from_____

☐ $_____enclosed ☐ Please bill me

Give this order to your agent or newsdealer or mail to Coronet Subscription Dept. C-526 Boulder, Colorado

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LIKE *Mother*

IT IS DIFFICULT to understand why the etiquette authorities don't snatch the problem of gravy conservation and shake it up so a man will know where he stands. It would not make much difference if the experts condemned gravy mopping, probably, because by the time a man has reached 50 his ideas are reasonably set and he is going to take his pleasures where he finds them—provided they fracture no local, state, or national ordinances.

Gravy is one of the most flavorful parts of a meal, and any man who *is* a man will see that he has a sufficiency. Some men know how to fold a half slice of bread neatly and corral the gravy left wandering around the plate. A few insist on corn bread, broken up, patted in mounds well-soaked with gravy, and the whole elevated by a fork. The country man will stick to hot biscuits. You can chase down a stream of gravy very efficiently with a crusted softhearted biscuit, without tipping the plate to corral it.

Your wife accepts your idiosyncrasies; it may be wise to avoid teen-aged daughters' eyes. But gravy mopping can be inconspicuous, satisfying, and a technically perfect job, if one goes at it slowly and carefully and learns as he goes.

THERE MUST BE a moral in the fact that we accept so unquestioningly the prosaic definitions of the dictionary. For biscuit it states: "A kind of raised bread baked in small shapes cut or dropped from dough leavened with baking powder, soda, or yeast." That is a long way from exhausting the subject.

Every now and then a man has his mouth made up for hot biscuits and delicious maple syrup. The syrup is good on buckwheat cakes, especially if they are accompanied by a few sausage patties. But its best use is on buttermilk biscuits.

Brown-crusted, hot-hearted buttermilk biscuits have a tangy flavor that harmonizes with the syrup. Use two cups of flour, two-thirds teaspoon soda, three-fourths teaspoon salt, three-fourths cup of buttermilk, and four tablespoons shortening. Sift the flour, soda, and salt three times; cut in and blend the shortening. Add the buttermilk slowly; knead well. Cut biscuits in three-fourths inch thickness. Bake at 450 degrees for about 15 minutes. Give them time to acquire that crispy, brittle-brown crust. Open two biscuits in a soup plate, use plenty of butter or margarine, and pour a cupful of syrup over all. That's the way to enjoy the epitome of biscuits and nature's best sweet.

IF MORE MEN could have hot gingerbread more often, they would be better able to face the confusing realities of a world off on a tangent.

There are admittedly scores of recipes, but this one tops them all. Use two eggs, three-fourths cup of brown sugar, three-fourths cup molasses, three-fourths cup of melted shortening, three-fourths teaspoon ginger; two and a third cups flour, one and a fourth teaspoons cinnamon, one-eighth teaspoon cloves,

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USED TO MAKE

one-half teaspoon nutmeg, two teaspoons soda, one-half teaspoon baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one cup boiling water.

Beat the eggs in a large mixing bowl, and add the brown sugar, molasses, and melted shortening. Mix the spices, soda, baking powder, and salt with the flour and sift into the bowl. Now stir everything together as if you meant it. Pour the boiling water in the last thing and give the material another mixing. Bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

If you've never eaten gingerbread made this way, 1951 can be a memorable culinary year. Never put whipped cream on gingerbread. A chunk of butter melted into the spicy, hot goodness is acceptable.

THERE WAS AN ITEM in the papers recently to the effect that a girls' college was going to teach the economics of homeownership. Our guess is that if all girls were taught to make a cherry pie correctly, it would do more to develop a wholesome, happy home life.

Use one No. 2 can of cherries, drained. Save the juice. You need one and a third cups sugar, one and a half tablespoons flour. Combine sugar and flour; add to the cherry juice and boil the mixture a few minutes. Sprinkle plenty of sugar on the bottom crust so it will be sweet and chewy. Put in the cherries and toss on a few bits of butter or margarine. And finally, puncture a few holes in the top crust for the juice to bubble through.

ONE WEAKNESS of modern breakfasts is the absence of the molasses pitcher. Half a century ago, it was as much a part of the scene as the silver-plated Lazy Susan. Men who considered breakfast more than just a whiffle of fruit juice and coffee used molasses on fried mush, buckwheats, toast, muffins, and cereal. Grandmother preferred the golden-brown New Orleans type of molasses for her gingersnaps and hot gingerbread. But grandfather insisted on the dark, almost-black Puerto Rican variety. —*Wall Street Journal*

ILLUSTRATED BY BEN STAHL

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THE VICIOUS RACKET OF FUNERAL FEES

by THOMAS C. DESMOND

(Chairman, New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Problems of the Aging)

Beware the unscrupulous profiteers who capitalize on grief and heartbreak

UNCLE JED, ALIVE, was beholden to nobody; but Uncle Jed, dead, was in debt. A local handyman in a New England village, he never earned much money but always managed to pay the weekly premium on his $200 burial policy.

"No kin need argue about my estate when I'm gone," he would say, "because there's not much more than funeral expenses."

When he died, his dismayed widow found that his funds fell far short of the staggering fees levied by unscrupulous larcenists in the undertaking and cemetery business.

The funeral director, taking advantage of the stunned condition of the bereaved, glibly talked her into purchasing a bronze satin-lined casket. Then he sold her on turning over all the "details" to him. The details, it turned out, meant a corps of undertaker's ushers and assistants, banks of flowers, and a quartet which sang before the services.

And that was not all. When the hearse drove up to Jed's last resting place, cemetery officials refused to permit burial until $35 was paid. "But Jed bought the plot years ago," the widow protested tearfully.

Yes, the officials admitted, but there are "extras." For opening the grave, a special charge; for use of a lowering device, another fee; for artificial grass to cover the raw earth, still another.

The services were halted until the distraught widow raised money from friends who had come to see her husband buried! Later, when all the bills had been totaled, Jed's burial policy met less than one-third the cost.

The ancient warning, let the buyer beware, applies with crushing force when you deal with certain unprincipled scavengers who today infest the undertaking and cemetery business.

W. W. Chambers of Washington, D. C., owner of one of the largest funeral concerns in the country, admitted to a Congressional committee in 1947 that he came out of a livery stable and made a million dollars on an eighth-grade education after he realized the funeral business was "such a racket."

The gouging element "sucks all the dough they can out of widows and orphan children unnecessarily," Chambers stated, insisting that the

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first thing undertakers ask themselves is: "How much insurance have you got and how much of it can I get?"

Chambers' accusations rankle the upright, decent morticians, who argue that just as lawyers have their ambulance chasers and physicians their quacks, the undertakers have their own fringe of unprincipled gougers. They point out that although all 48 states have licensing laws which require that undertakers be of "good moral character," few have adequate enforcement staffs.

J. Henri Walker, a Long Island mortician, once brought the body of an infant to a cemetery in a cardboard box tied with a string! Ethical cemetery officials, aghast, refused to permit burial until a physician was called. He ordered the baby placed in a casket.

However, no action was taken against Walker until it was discovered that he was switching bodies from medium-priced caskets to cheap boxes, but charging the higher price. He served a six-month sentence and paid a $250 fine for these tactics; and when last heard from was working for an undertaker in Pennsylvania.

Adventure-seeking youngsters sneaked inside the cellar of a deserted funeral parlor in Binghamton, New York. Inside a casket lay a partially decomposed body. Their screams brought neighbors and police. Four bodies were found in the basement and one in the garage, left there from seven months to a year, according to police estimates. The deceased were three women and a man, ranging from 51 to 82 years of age, and one four-hour-old baby.

A nation-wide dragnet was set for Donald P. Ackley, the missing mortician. He was caught in California and brought back for trial. Police found he had received from $200 to $250 for the burial of each body, but had pocketed the money, filed phony burial certificates, resold the caskets ordered for the bodies, placed the corpses in cheap boxes, and skipped town with more than a thousand dollars!

Reputable funeral directors in the state, appalled at the disgrace brought upon their profession, offered to bury the bodies free and help in the investigation. Ackley was sent to prison.

THE NATIONAL Funeral Directors' Association and its affiliated state groups are trying, through education of the trade and internal policing, to wipe out the abuses of profiteers in sorrow. In New York City, for example, members of the Metropolitan Funeral Directors Association, in order to halt overcharges by a few undertakers in connection with welfare cases, have agreed to bury anyone whose case is recommended to them by welfare groups for as low as $85. This has served to clean up a nasty situation; previously, poor families often became relief cases through trying to meet outrageous charges.

Last year, I became personally familiar with a somewhat similar problem. Mrs. Harry Walsh, a grief-stricken, frail old lady who lived in a neighboring community, poured out this story to me.

"My husband and I were on old-age assistance," she said. "We had no money. When he died last week, the undertaker advised me

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'to order the best casket.' When I told him I couldn't afford it, he said, 'Don't worry, the city will take care of the bill.' "

"Now I've gotten a bill for $500 from the undertaker," she sobbed, "and the city will pay only $150."

Investigation proved that the callous funeral director, knowing that Harry was poor in earthly goods but rich in friends, had counted on squeezing the money from them and from the fraternal organizations to which Harry belonged.

Mrs. Walsh was victim of what funeral directors call "trading up," a psychological process of inducing survivors, numbed by shock, to order a lavish funeral. Since most undertakers do not advertise prices, burial charges are generally hidden by a veil of obscurity, enabling morticians of the cutthroat type to charge what the traffic will bear.

Vicious as "trading up" may be, it is rivaled by the host of extra charges often inflicted on the bereaved. A charge of $25 as rental fee for casket handles! A charge for canopy rental! A charge for ushers!

The average family is helpless before the ruthless undertaker, since you can hardly in decency walk out and go to another funeral director if the price is too steep. Chambers says an undertaker can embalm a body for $1.50 in materials and "get any tariff you want for it." He adds that a mortician can sell a $35 casket for $150 to $200.

The Centralia, Illinois, mine disaster which brought death to 111 miners in 1947 produced a shocking but unpublicized aftermath. The United Mine Workers union charges that "unconscionable greed literally followed the victims to their graves and mulcted the surviving dependents of sizeable sums."

Funeral charges ranged from $233 to $1,178, with the average $732.78. The union declares: "The ghouls of Centralia moved in on the miners' grief-stricken families with a slick sales talk."

Some of the most unethical funeral directors are to be found in Negro communities in the South, where they take advantage of the poor and illiterate. Some sell "burial insurance," setting sky-high rates and promising elaborate rites. Then, upon death of the insured, the very minimum is provided.

In California, another type of funeral insurance is being promoted. Under this policy, proceeds are payable in cash, but the funeral director's name is inserted as the conditional beneficiary. The mortician may be paid directly by the insurance company upon submission of proof that he has buried the deceased. Any cash left is turned over to the beneficiary.

The competition between scavenging undertakers often degenerates into a sprint for the corpse. The one who arrives first at the scene of a fatal accident can generally count on a $25 fee for carting the body to his mortuary, and usually he will be given the burial business, which may mean several hundred dollars.

These cutthroats in cutaways—"hawks," as they are known in the profession—often operate in cahoots with low-paid hospital attendants. Thus, when anguished relatives arrive at the hospital, they are startled to find the mortician already there with his hearse. "The hospital called me," he lies.

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Though fortunately a majority of undertakers are reputable businessmen, small wonder there are also some who profiteer on grief. For burial is a $500,000,000-a-year business. On a par with the body-snatching morticians are the cemetery profiteers.

Nonprofit cemeteries generally have been given special concessions on the theory that they are rendering a public service. Thus they are exempted from local real-estate taxes, state franchise taxes, and federal income taxes. Also, they are given the right to condemn property and other privileges.

In 1949, New York State's Attorney General, Nathaniel L. Goldstein, charged the Maple Grove Memorial Park, Inc., with pyramiding an investment of $200 into a $1,650,000 haul when a group of "insiders," associated with a nonprofit cemetery, formed a pseudo real-estate corporation. This outfit added a markup of 100 per cent to the price of graves and made its huge profit in five short years.

All the high-pressure sales tactics of bucket-shop operators are used by speculators in graves. Behind a row of desks in a swank office sit a battery of telephone solicitors, going methodically through the phone books. "Pledgemere Memorial Park calling," they say, and burst into their sales talk.

If a likely lead develops, a corps of supersalesmen are sent to clinch the deal, armed with color pictures, testimonials, and glossy pamphlets. An "easy-payment plan" is offered, but if a grave is needed for immediate burial, the price is instantly jacked up. The salesmen get tremendous commissions. Some of these outfits are even sending men to sell graves door-to-door.

One of the tragic results of the milking of cemetery funds is that plots are going untended. Some cemeteries that promise "perpetual care" do not set aside trust funds for this purpose, and soon the graves lie overgrown. In others, owners of graves will be charged $1 to $3 for having the grass cut, once in spring and again in fall. Since the cemeteries may place about 1,200 graves in an acre, $3,600 is collected for grass cutting every year per acre!

Another reprehensible practice is the graded set of prices for grave openings. The charge is based on the type and size of the burial container. When a plain coffin is used, the price is, for instance, $16. A casket calls for $20. For an "outer box" and casket, $25. For a so-called concrete vault or cement outer box, $35.

The fact is, graves are usually dug of standard size, regardless of the size of the box. The sliding scale of opening fees bears no relation to the cost of the grave dug, but only to the estimated ability of the bereaved family to pay.

YOU CAN BEAT the death profiteers by cautiously following a few simple principles.

Plan your funeral arrangements carefully and far in advance of actual needs. Tell your nearest of kin of your wishes, and put those wishes in writing.

Buy your burial site far in advance, because last-minute phone calls result in price hikes.

Consult your minister, rabbi, or priest before selecting any mortician

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or cemetery. He knows not only which mortuaries are fair and ethical, but also which cemeteries are likely to be reasonably priced and competently run.

Use only a licensed undertaker. Look for his certificates in his office, and look also for a trade-association insignia.

Go to the mortician of your choice and complete details in advance, thus protecting your estate from excessive costs.

Unless you literally have money to burn, an inexpensive casket should be chosen, especially in case of cremation, since the casket is consumed with the body.

Costs of markers and monuments vary from a few dollars to thousands. Often a grieving widow makes an immediate choice of an expensive monument that puts a tragic burden on the family budget. Allow weeks or months to elapse before a marker is selected.

In many states the person who orders a funeral service may be under no obligation to pay; the law allows funeral expenses to be a first charge against the estate. For this reason, bereaved families are wise to authorize some dependable, level-headed friend to make all arrangements, if they have not already been made by the deceased.

While these "self-helps" may prevent you from being mulcted, only an America aroused to the sordid machinations of gougers can smash this profiteering that finds its victims among grief-stricken families.

Choosing a Spot to Eat

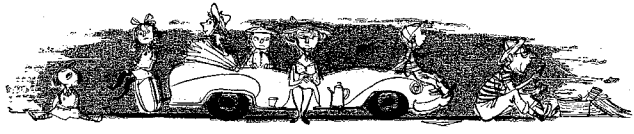
THERE IS ONE never-failing concomitant of a picnic in the country if one tries new territory and does not know beforehand the exact spot where the family will eat. After a man, with his wife and four children, has been through the wringer, he swears that never again will he go on a gypsy picnic. That's what the lady called it in the magazine article.

"Start out with a gay, light heart," she wrote. "Drive leisurely until you come to a beautiful countryside and then enjoy your feast gypsylike, surrounded by the beauties of nature."

That lady doesn't know family life. Around 11:30, various members begin to point out good places to eat. But Father is slipping right along at 45 miles an hour and has passed the spots before he sees them. Regularly every five minutes someone shouts: "There's a good place." By 12:30 everyone is impatient and irritable.

Finally, at 1 p.m., Father has had enough. He pulls into a woodland road. There's no view, no room to walk around. So sandwiches are eaten, coffee and cocoa gulped down. The picnic is finished. On the way home Father sees a dozen attractive spots. When he asks: "Why didn't someone point out these places?" he cannot understand the silence in his family.

—*Wall Street Journal*



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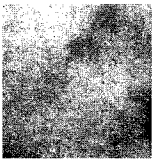

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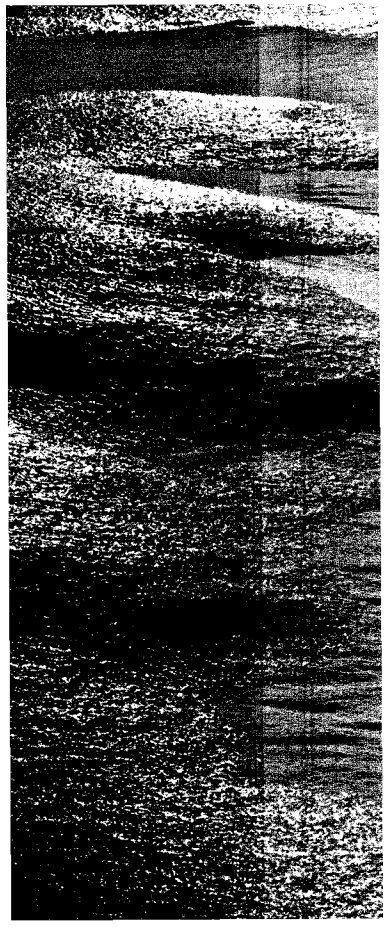

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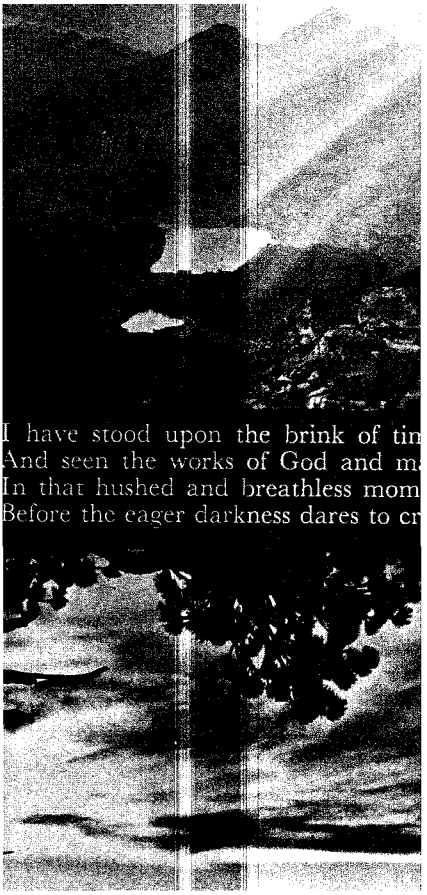
I have stood upon the brink of tin
And seen the works of God and m
In that hushed and breathless mom
Before the eager darkness dares to cr

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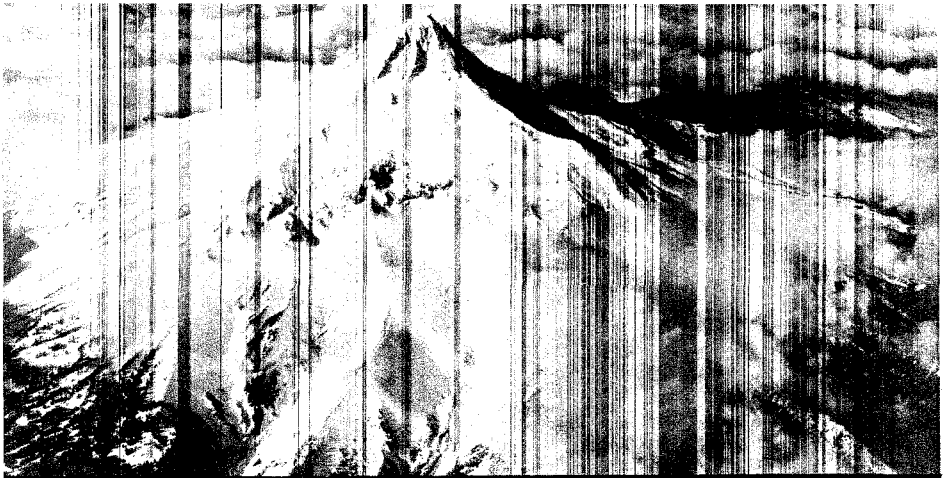

I have watched the armies of the air march upon a fortress peak,
And take the bastions where its green-clad troops in legion stand,
And conquering, surge up toward the citadel, to storm its bleak
And lonely crest, and there—met with the invincible—disband.

I have seen a grove of valley trees go silver with the breath of spring,
And in my vision, they were changed to maidens, gracious, tall, and fair,
And turned to the tinkling music of their stream, I heard them sing—
As they knelt to the water's edge to wash the sunlight from their hair.

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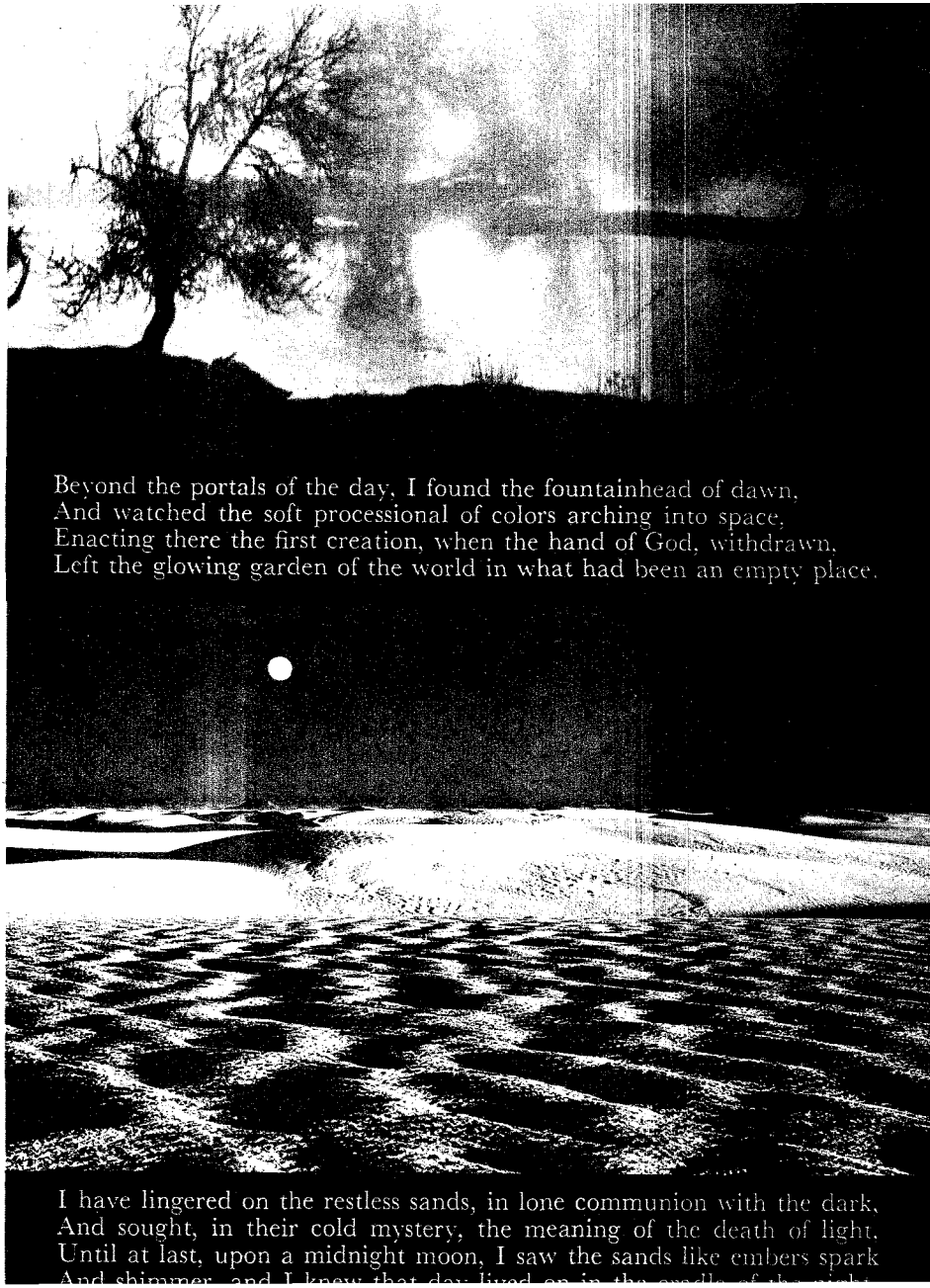

Beyond the portals of the day, I found the fountainhead of dawn,
And watched the soft processional of colors arching into space,
Enacting there the first creation, when the hand of God, withdrawn,
Left the glowing garden of the world in what had been an empty place.

I have lingered on the restless sands, in lone communion with the dark,
And sought, in their cold mystery, the meaning of the death of light,
Until at last, upon a midnight moon, I saw the sands like embers spark
And shimmer, and I knew that day lived on in the cradle of the night.

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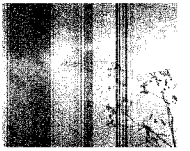

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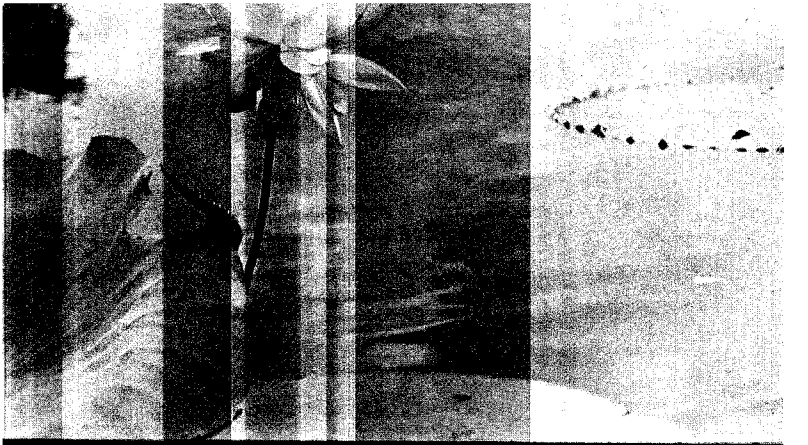
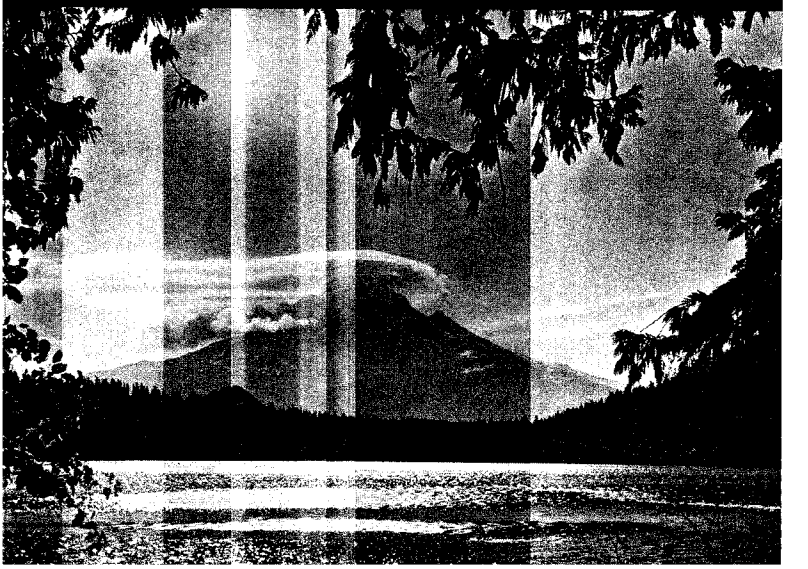


t of a summer's day, I watched one flawless flower unfold,
petal bore the promise of a frail and perfect immortality,
the alchemy of sun would wither it and leave it old,
once entrusted to a single gaze, could never fade in memory.



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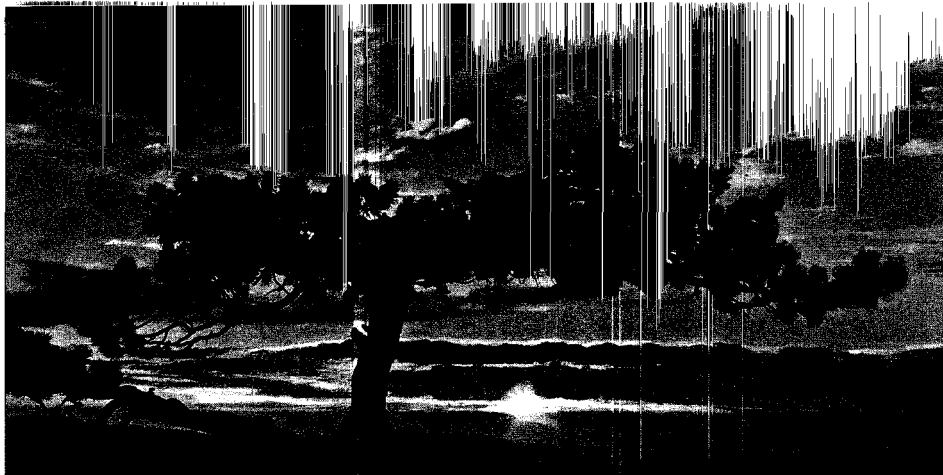

I have seen a tree of centuries grow, and wondered how time understood
The mystic measures that, for every living thing, define a mortal span,
And though the vagrant days and years slip by in seeming sisterhood,
They touch the trees with morning in the hour of twilight for a man.

I have watched a river lose itself in the shadowed promise of a hill,
And standing there, I tried to listen to its fading song of mystery,
But like a shy and fairy thing, its voice grew misty soft and still,
And it slipped into the fold of night, to tell its secrets to the sea.

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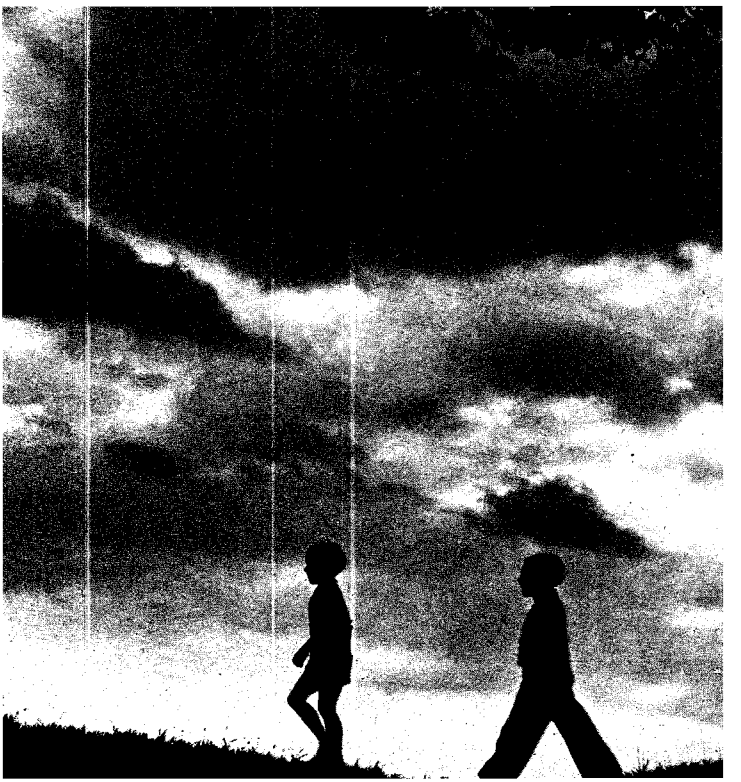

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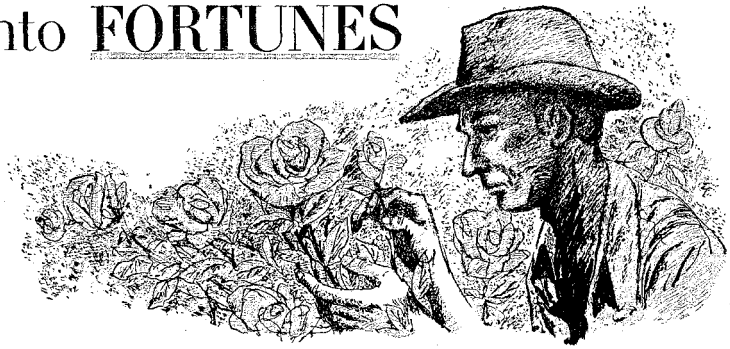
Flowers That Bloomed into FORTUNES



by NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

It's the unexpected turns of Nature that give spice to a fascinating business

WALK INTO a florist's shop and ask for a dozen American Beauty roses. You'll get flaming red beauties, all right, but they won't be American Beauty roses, for the simple reason that they just don't exist any more. Look behind the scenes and you will find one of the most remarkable of all the amazing tales of flower fortunes.

It began with the discovery made one day by Joe Hill, a Richmond, Indiana, rose man, when he walked into his greenhouse. It was full of pink roses and what he saw shouldn't have been there at all. One rose stood out shockingly among the thousands of pink ones, for it was a rich crimson.

Joe Hill didn't know it, but he was looking at a million-dollar flower that would rate as America's most fabulous floral discovery.

He found it in a moment of black despair for the whole rose-growing industry. Roses are big business. Americans buy more of them than any other flower—upwards of 50,000,000 a year in New York alone—and they buy more red roses than any other color.

For years florists could offer handsome red blooms to all comers because there were plenty of the long-stemmed versions of the variety known as American Beauty. Then, in the late '20s, something happened to the Beauty, as the growers had long thought it would. Very often a variety of one flower will be so weakened by inbreeding that it will lose its vigor, bear fewer and fewer flowers, and finally almost cease bearing altogether, which was what happened to the American Beauty.

Frantic florists were demanding a new red rose; growers were striving desperately to find one. Years went by; no red rose.

The picture was a gloomy one for growers, including Joe Hill. Though he had built the biggest rose-growing outfit in the country, he well knew that it could fail if he

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didn't have the right roses to sell.

Even attempting to get a new rose is an agonizingly slow process. To develop a single new hybrid may require as many as 50,000 matings, all done by painstaking hand pollenization. Joe Hill himself had made literally thousands of such matings without getting a red rose that amounted to anything. Then Nature stepped in, and there, flaming among the pink blossoms, was that dazzling crimson beauty.

Hill looked at it with fear and wonderment. Here was a "short," an off-pattern rose that seemed to have skipped blithely over the laws of heredity. And it was a prize —better than the American Beauty at its peak of perfection.

Yet what would happen when they began to propagate it, using that single stem as the parent stock? The chances were 1,000 to one that some weakness would develop to make the new rose useless.

Now began a period of agonizing suspense—88 days of waiting before there would be any blossoms on the eight new stems developed from the eight leaves of the original plant. The new roses bloomed, full and crimson. Another budding operation turned the eight shoots into 60. All of them bloomed rich and red.

Now Hill was ready to apply for his patent. At this point he could have put the rose on the market and it would have commanded fabulous prices. But he waited until he had 500,000 plants ready to sell. Then the news was announced.

Other growers bought no less than 425,000 scions in the first year. The new rose, named Better Times, meant just that for the floral business—and for Joe Hill.

Today, though Hill grows many other kinds of roses in his 64 greenhouses, with their 1,300,000 square feet of glass and 35 miles of benches, no other single rose has ever equaled Better Times. Yet there is another fortune awaiting the man who can find a worthy successor to this crimson beauty, for it too, like the American Beauty, will die out.

Meanwhile the modern Burbanks, amateur and professional, are spurred on by the knowledge that Nature may come up at any moment with a surprise that will mean fame and fortune. Rose growers particularly hope that someday, somewhere, somehow—someone will find that most elusive of dream flowers—a black rose. They figure that this bloom, to its discoverer, will be worth at least $50,000, not to mention millions to growers.

AFTER THE ROSE, no other flower has had so much appeal to those in search of floral bonanzas as the orchid. Rated as the most glamorous of all flowers, it has always fetched fantastically high prices and sent intrepid explorers into remote jungles.

Quite frequently they were handsomely rewarded, as was John E. Lager, an orchid hunter from New Jersey. In the remote forests of Colombia he came upon that breathtaking sight, a single pure white orchid. Nursing it carefully, he took it back to civilization, waited for it to bloom, then sold it for $10,000.

In Bound Brook, New Jersey, Thomas Young, the man who made orchids big business, found among his 100,000 plants the fabulous Canhamiana orchid. Its story started when Young formed a picture of

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what he thought the perfect orchid should look like. It would, he said, have deep purple lips and large white petals and sepals.

Young and his assistant, Godfrey Erickson, set to work to cross different kinds of orchids in the hope of getting that dream flower. Now, there is nothing very complicated about crossing orchids: you just take a toothpick and flick a little pollen from one plant to another. Soon a new seed pod appears and from it you extract the seeds—thousands of them. Then you plant the seeds and wait. And there's the catch—that little word "wait." You have a long one ahead because it will be seven years before the first bloom appears. Maybe even eight!

With Young's orchid, there were no blooms in even the eighth year. Or the ninth. By the tenth year, Young was about ready to give up the idea. Along in the 11th year, the plants were still barren.

"We'll have to throw them out," Young told Erickson.

By that time Erickson had become attached to the plants which he had nursed so many years. "Maybe just a little longer," he muttered.

A short time later Erickson came running with the news. One flower had bloomed. And it fitted Young's dream picture exactly. Today, descendants of this one plant have become the symbol of glamour. Partly because of that immensely valuable property, Young was able to sell his great orchid enterprise for $2,700,000.

WALK INTO A GROUP of sprawling greenhouses in Capitola, California, and you will find yourself in a wonderland of flowers. Look at some and identify them—and then prepare for a shock. Here is one that is obviously a carnation, another that is clearly a peony, another that is surely a rose. There are others—hollyhocks, narcissi, camellias, dogwood blossoms, even orchids. Yet each is a begonia!

The incredible antics of this chameleon of the plant world are no accident. You can trace many of them to Frank Reinelt, a partner in those fabulous Capitola greenhouses. He has made his fortune in flowers by devoting his life to the once-lowly begonia.

When this now-dazzling flower was first brought to this country from South American jungles, it was an unimpressive, single-petaled flower with few signs of remarkable capacities. By 1926, it was on its way toward bigger things.

Reinelt, an eager admirer of Luther Burbank, was not satisfied with the state of affairs. The raising of begonia seed was a world monopoly of a single British firm. Reinelt set out to challenge that company's control and to improve the begonia beyond anything anyone had then believed possible. He succeeded so well that today most of the begonia seed in the U. S. comes from Reinelt's nursery.

You can understand why most growers have left this particular field to Reinelt when you consider the fantastic problems of raising begonia seed. Gathering it calls for enormous patience, for the seeds average more than two million to the ounce. All the growers in the U. S. produce only about six ounces a year. Reinelt and his partner grow four of these six ounces.

From seed like this come the as-

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tonishing new varieties which have made the begonia big business in the flower world. Reinelt thus far has created literally thousands of new types. Among them are giants as large as ten inches in diameter, in brilliant reds, pinks, whites, and yellows.

Reinelt has only one regret. There will never, he says, be a blue begonia.

FINDING THE RIGHT SPOT often has as much to do with flower-growing success as finding the right flower. For an almost-typical story of such a search, you need look no farther than the venture of Donald Alvord, the man who made Florida America's winter-blooming gladiolus capital.

When Alvord and his partner Fred Wesemeyer turned up at Largo, Florida, in the late '20s, they knew nothing about gladioli except that some people seemed to make money raising bulbs. They put in ten acres and waited hopefully. A heavy frost promptly destroyed the entire crop.

The partners managed to scrape up more money, tried again. This time everything went well. The flowers flourished, and the partners discovered that there is more money in selling cut flowers than in raising bulbs. For seven years they gradually expanded their plantings, until Nature got in another wallop. A disastrous frost wiped out their $45,000 crop overnight.

Alvord and Wesemeyer were stubborn. "We must be raising them in the wrong place," they concluded.

Thereupon they started prowling up and down the length of Florida. They churned through muddy back roads, ploughed through swamps. Wherever they went they talked to farmers and weather-bureau officials. Altogether, they traveled thousands of miles, but finally they had their place—a spot on the Caloosahatchee River near Fort Myers. Here they bought 20 acres and started again.

Today this small region provides 60,000,000 sprays a year, many of them from the vast 1,200-acre farm where Alvord and Wesemeyer made their fortune in flowers.

Eyes on the Road

A YOUNG LADY, deciding she would learn to drive a car, employed the services of a "driving school." During one of the lessons, while she was seated at the wheel in the midst of some particularly heavy traffic, the youthful instructor assigned to her leaned over and whispered: "Did I hear you call me 'darling'?"

"Sir!" the young lady shouted, taking her eyes off the road, only to be quickly ordered by the unsmiling instructor to pay attention to what she was doing.

"I did that to teach you an important lesson," he said sternly. "When you're driving, no matter what anyone says to you, keep your eyes on the road!"

—JAMES KELLER, *One Moment Please* (Doubleday)

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Magic PINPOINT

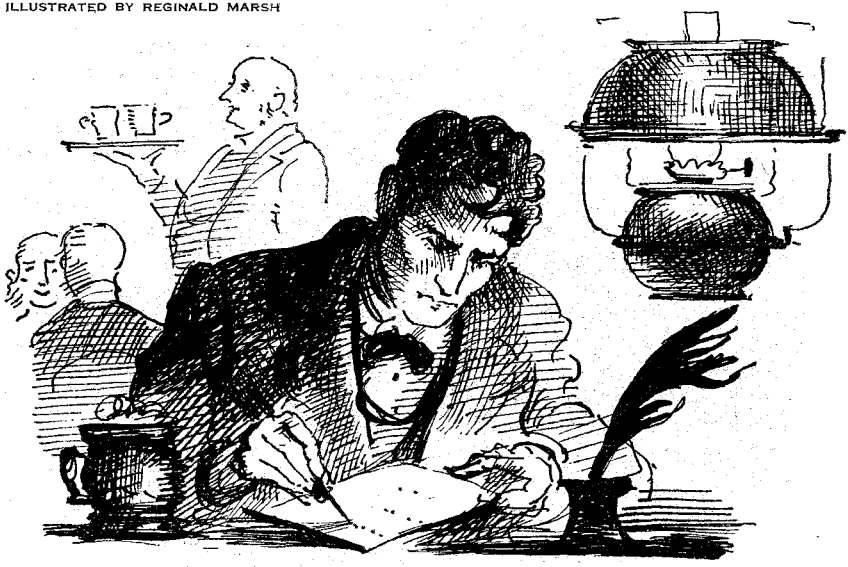
ON A BLEAK NIGHT in London, more than 100 years ago, a newspaper correspondent sat at his table in a cozy inn. A mug of ale at his elbow, he was chronicling the day's events for out-of-town editors. Once the dispatches were sealed in envelopes, the journalist drew from his pocket a sheet of postage stamps. Then he proceeded to grope for the penknife he usually carried to cut stamps apart.

Failing to find it, he pulled a pin from his lapel and began to work over the stamps. As he labored, another patron of the inn, Henry Archer, watched intently.

An idea grew in Archer's mind: how wonderful if he could invent a machine which would fix stamps for easy separation! He built one, then a second, but British postal authorities rejected both. However, his third machine was patented by Archer in 1848. Further alterations were made, and in 1854 a new type of stamp was placed on sale in England. One by one, stamp-issuing nations followed Britain's lead, the U. S. joining in 1857.

Archer's chance observation of a journalist who had mislaid his penknife introduced the perforated postage stamp to the world. —MARY ALKUS

ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD MARSH



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Brooklyn's Guardian of Justice to All

by Carol Hughes

A tireless parole expert has saved many an innocent person from false imprisonment

On a drizzling night in 1945, a lone man walked down a dark Brooklyn street. Suddenly, a man and two women stepped from the mist. The man waved a gun; one of the women brandished an ice pick. They robbed the pedestrian of a five-dollar bill and three ones. Then, when the victim protested, the gunman shot him in the right hand. As the bandit trio ran down the street, the man yelled for help. Soon a radio patrol car arrived. The officers picked up the victim and started patroling the streets, knowing the robbers could not have gone far from the scene of the attack.

Through a window in a restaurant, the wounded man spotted a trio at a table. "That's them!" he shouted. The police ran in and pushed the man against the wall. In his pocket they found a gun, a five-dollar bill, and three ones. In the purse of one of the women they found an ice pick. The case was open and shut—armed robbery in the first degree.

The three were booked, tried, convicted. The jury was out only five minutes. Three people were going to jail for at least ten years. Case disposed of.

It was at this point that a red-headed Irishman (whom Judge Samuel Leibowitz calls "the greatest probation officer in America") stepped in. Edmond Fitzgerald, Chief Probation Officer of Kings County, has a genius for tracking down the truth. Faced now with a case in which the evidence seemed overwhelming, Fitz was unhappy. That the man was guilty he had no doubt. But, as he says, "there was an aura of truth about the women's statements." Fitzgerald was inclined to believe their implausible story that they were at the table when the man dashed in and sat down beside them. One carried an ice pick as protection against local hoodlums. The other said she was out late because she had visited an aunt in the neighborhood.

Their case was already three months old by the time of trial and conviction. The trail was long, devious, and cold. But Fitzgerald called his men together. "The evidence against these women is overwhelming," he said. "Yet everything they have told us checks. The only way we can prove their innocence is to find the guilty women."

Fitzgerald's probation officers set

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about their almost impossible task. For weeks, they ferreted out "every female companion, paramour, relative, and friend" of the man held. Finally, they learned that one of the prisoner's girl friends was a reformatory parolee. All they knew about her was that she had once worked in a laundry.

With infinite patience, Fitzgerald's department set out to check every laundry in Brooklyn. There were thousands. Finally they found the girl, who confessed to taking part in the holdup. The red-headed "Fitz" was angry when he faced the man. "Do you realize what it means to allow two innocent women to be convicted?"

The prisoner merely shrugged. "I knew they were innocent, so I thought I might slide out with them if they went free."

EDMOND FITZGERALD, after 20 years in the field of probation and parole, is no longer surprised at strange coincidences. It is the remembrance of them that makes him tackle an investigation with such tenacity.

Two years ago, Fitzgerald's knowledge and worth received international recognition when he was sent to the new State of Israel to help in its chaotic efforts to cope with thousands of immigrants pouring in. The job was not an easy one, but Fitzgerald stayed as long as he was needed, worked hard, and left with the feeling that Israel, in its treatment of crime and delinquency, was well on its way to adopting America's democratic ways.

Fitzgerald was born 47 years ago in County Kerry, where his parents sent him to good schools and taught him the ways of honor and religion. He won a scholarship to the National University of Ireland and was graduated with honors. Afterward he taught school, then went to Washington as second secretary of the Irish Legation, and eventually landed in New York as an accountant. Five years later he took the examination for parole officer.

Passing with high marks, the young and conscientious Fitzgerald accepted a job in the then newly created Division of Parole of New York State. The post was a challenge because it was a new experiment in the treatment of criminals. Fitzgerald made his work an adventure instead of a routine, and finally became executive case-supervisor for the Southern District of New York. Then, in 1940, he was appointed Chief Probation Officer for Kings County.

Under him, things began to happen in the Brooklyn department. What had been a snail-paced, indifferent organization became a beehive of activity. He hired smart, college-trained men, eager to do a good job. Today, Fitzgerald's department works with clocklike precision. Stern and unrelenting foes of the criminal, his men will also "work their heads off" to see that justice is administered wisely.

Fitzgerald's task usually begins when the trial is over and the defendant, found guilty, is awaiting sentence. It is then up to his department to give evidence to the judge on the measure of the man's worth—whether he is capable of reform; what his probation chances may be, and every fact relative to the case. Fitz spends hours with the guilty man, checking, rechecking,

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until he is able to present a thoroughly documented report to the court. On occasion, the facts established by the probation office have saved a judge from sentencing an innocent person.

It was just such a challenge that faced Fitz on the September day in 1944 when he walked into Judge Leibowitz's office. "The Goldman case is haywire!" he said flatly.

Leibowitz almost jumped from his chair. "Why, that's an open and shut case! Goldman deserves the limit and he's going to get it."

"But I'm afraid," said Fitz, "that there is false testimony involved."

"You're wrong," Leibowitz replied, "but let me have it."

"I'll begin at the beginning," said Fitz.

Anne Brewer, an attendant at Brooklyn State Hospital, had accused Murray Goldman of a brutal attack in her room in the nurses' dormitory. She had told a modest, straightforward story. She had come from the Midwest to work in Brooklyn, so that she could be near her husband who was in the Navy.

On the morning of the alleged attack, she had left the hospital after night duty and gone to bed. Hearing a knock on the door, she opened it to a burly brown-haired man, a complete stranger. He forced his way in and grabbed her. Then came another knock. The man hid behind the door, and said he would kill her if she cried out.

In the doorway stood Margaret Visi, a nurse who had sensed something was wrong. Anne motioned silently behind the door. The resolute Margaret looked, and let out a scream. The intruder fled.

Margaret alerted the policeman at the hospital gate, and a prowl car caught up with the man. Anne and Margaret identified him, and the newspapers broke out with headlines about a "fiend case."

Goldman's story sounded implausible. He said he had met Anne on a subway and had seen her several times since. On the morning of the alleged attack, he had had a date with her. When he arrived in the lobby there was no one at the desk, so he had gone up to her room. Anne feared she would be fired if he were found there.

That was his whole defense. And he could not remember a single person who had ever seen them together and thus could verify his tale.

Goldman's story sounded phony, and the jury promptly found him guilty. Everyone was satisfied that justice had been done—everyone, that is, except Fitzgerald.

"Now let me tell you about this lady who looks so convincing behind her spectacles," Fitzgerald was saying to Leibowitz.

Anne Brewer had already been accused by the Supervisor of Nurses of "lewd and improper conduct in the presence of male attendants." Because of the shortage of hospital help, she had not been discharged.

Fitz had found that Anne frequented a neighborhood bar. The wife of a man she had picked up there was about to sue for divorce, naming Anne as corespondent.

The surprised Leibowitz asked: "You have all these witnesses?"

"Of course," replied Fitzgerald.

"Her motive?"

She was afraid of losing her job, afraid her husband would find out.

Faced with the facts, Anne admitted Goldman's story was true.

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Today, the probation department investigates *all* defendants before sentencing, segregating the good risks from the poor. Each year, some 650 persons are placed under Fitz's supervision for rehabilitation. It is then the department's responsibility to see that they are helped to resume their normal role as productive, law-abiding citizens.

This is one of the more pleasant aspects of Fitz's work, and one to which he is devoted. His activities run the gamut from job-finding, through adjustment of personal and family difficulties, to those highly technical approaches that have to be invoked in behalf of maladjusted individuals. But because his department deals with people who have broken the law, Fitz never permits his staff to become blind to the danger of backsliding.

"One man going off half-cocked and committing a new crime can undo months of painstaking effort," he points out. "Worse, he can give probation *as a service* a black eye in public estimation."

In reward for his intelligent supervision and know-how, Fitzgerald is the highest-paid man in the history of probation. He earns $14,000 a year, and lives in a modest home on Fourth Avenue in Brooklyn, with his charming wife Frances and four children. He is almost a 24-hour-a-day dynamo, trying desperately to meet all the demands made upon him as an extracurricular lecturer, for he is a top American authority on penology.

One of the men who work most closely with him is also one of his best friends. Judge Leibowitz sums him up in warm words: "Fitz speaks for himself, not only with the genius that is his in the field of penology and probation, but also as one of the most charming and true-souled individuals I have ever been privileged to know."

Oh Ye of Little Faith

"BRETHREN AND SISTERS, we are gathered together here today to pray for rain," said the preacher. He looked his congregation over a little sadly and went on: "But before we begin I'd like to ask you just one question—where are your umbrellas?" —VERNON PAULSEN

Musical Words (Answers to quiz on page 55.)

1. "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own"; 2. "Give Me Something to Remember You By"; 3. "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree"; 4. "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee"; 5. "Silver Threads Among the Gold"; 6. "Down by the Old Mill Stream"; 7. "By the Light of the Silvery Moon"; 8. "Take Me Out to the Ball Game"; 9. "Mighty Lak' a Rose"; 10. "In the Good Old Summer Time"; 11. "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag"; 12. "Everybody Works but Father"; 13. "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?"; 14. "When You and I Were Young, Maggie"; 15. "I Can't Give You Anything But Love"; 16. "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning"; 17. "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate"; 18. "A Little Love, a Little Kiss"; 19. "When I Grow Too Old to Dream"; 20. "Someone to Watch Over Me."

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Now You Tell One!

by OREN ARNOLD

In the great Southwest, everything is bigger and better than anywhere else; and there the natives have made a fine art of the tall tales they tell

IT IS OF COURSE well-established that the region between Houston and San Francisco has the best of everything—and knows it. This is my homeland. Down here, we children memorize details of regional superiority long before we learn the catechism or the facts of life.

And our performance is seasonal, fluctuating with the intensity of the sunshine. In winter we point with pride at our achievements, but in summer we brag of our worst as well as our best!

Some of our stories are hoary but hallowed, like the one concerning the Californian to whom St. Peter at the Pearly Gates said: "Well, come on in, but you won't like it."

We love such favorites best of all and, perhaps surprisingly, so do our hearers. But we are not above appropriating apt bits that originate in the heathen hinterlands of Manhattan, Canada, or Florida. We ask only the privilege of laughing with you after each narration.

Here are just a few of our current proclamations: Theme song of sun-country health seekers: "I came here 30 years ago to die, and look at me now!"

• • •

Texas won World War II by allowing its ally, the United States of America, to train all its aviators in the air over San Antonio.

• • •

A boy from the irrigated desert area around Phoenix went to Houston to attend college. The very first week he wrote back: "Dear Mom and Pop: You know that stuff which flows through the canals onto our farmlands in Arizona? Well, it falls right out of the sky over here."

• • •

During the war an Arizona boy who had never been off his native desert was suddenly transferred to Milwaukee, where he encountered his first snow. He was dancing with excitement when a Northerner spoke:

"What's the matter? Haven't you ever seen snow before?"

"Nope," said the Arizonan, "but I've seen rain once."

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Liquid sunshine on the California beaches is so thick that nobody needs a bathing suit. At one drive-in there, a customer complained that his coffee was weak. "Weak?" the proprietor replied. "Why, I haven't put any coffee in yet. You've been drinking fog!"

• • •

Any Arizonan will tell you: "Our winters are so perfect we have no need of heaven, and our summers are so hot we have no fear of hell."

• • •

A letter addressed to Dehydrated, U.S.A., was delivered to El Centro, California.

• • •

A Californian is a person with too much atmosphere, too much money, too much leisure, and too much gall.

• • •

Californians have more banks and less money, more artists and less art, more churches and less religion, more light and less enlightenment, than any other people in the world.

• • •

Texas ranches are big; one is so big there is a difference of one month in the climate of its north and south boundaries (King Ranch). Many are so vast that whole towns spring up on them. An Easterner asked a rancher, "Do you belong to the church on this corner?"

"Hell, no!" snorted the rancher. "That church belongs to me!"

• • •

Of America's ten leading counties in value of agricultural products, eight are in California. But there is competition from Texas. A Texas farmer traveled—as a missionary—to Los Angeles, and happened to wander into one of the great outdoor produce markets there. He picked up one item, a 40-pound watermelon.

"Is this the biggest watermelon you Californians can grow?" he asked scornfully.

The California farmer snarled back, "Put that grape down!"

• • •

Arizona has more cows and less milk, more mines and less metal, more rivers and less water, more sun and less shade, than any other place in the universe.

• • •

All of the finest motion pictures are written about Texas, financed in California, and filmed in Arizona.

• • •

Down in the malaria zone of Texas, the mosquitoes are so shrewd and choosy that they inspect the dog tags on soldiers to see what blood types they are. They won't bite a Texan because they know he's immune. And they won't bite a Yankee because they're too proud.

Clear Track!

"JOHN, DID YOU pay my little brother to remain out of the parlor?" the young woman soberly demanded.

"Er—yes, I did," her timid beau replied hesitantly. "I hope I was not presuming."

"Not at all," came the laughing rejoinder. "I just wanted to make sure the little chiseler didn't collect from both of us." —*Wall Street Journal*

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THE Eternal Mystery OF MAYERLING

by HUGH CONWAY

The full story of a tragic romance that stirred the world may never be revealed

EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEPH, last ruler of Austria-Hungary and lord of 50,000,000 subjects, stared icily at the only man who had ever openly defied him—Crown Prince Rudolph, his dashing, slender heir.

"Give up that woman at once!" the Emperor ordered. "Your scandalous affair has become the talk of the court! Think of your wife and your God-given responsibility to the State! If you do not, I'll cast you out as successor to the throne!"

Slowly, bitterly, the Crown Prince nodded. He had hoped to win an annulment of his loveless marriage-of-state to Princess Stephanie of Belgium so that he could wed the lovely, girlish Baroness Mary Vetsera. His father's wrathful ultimatum had shattered his dream.

This stormy interview at the Hofburg, the imperial Vienna palace, on the afternoon of January 29, 1889, set the stage for the royal tragedy of Mayerling, one of the greatest romantic mysteries of all time. Although the case never has been fully solved, this much is known:

The 30-year-old Crown Prince requested permission for a final farewell that evening with his 18-year-old sweetheart. The couple had planned an intimate little dinner party at Rudolph's Mayerling hunting lodge in the romantic Vienna Woods. The Baroness was already there with Prince Philip of Coburg and Count Joseph Hoyos.

"Go!" the Emperor agreed. "But I have your word of honor you will never see her again."

Morosely, the heir to the greatest dynasty in Middle Europe left the Hofburg. He ignored his court carriage, and took instead the discreetly anonymous cab of Joseph Bratfisch, who had served him more than once not only as a driver but also as a singer at clandestine affairs.

On the road to Mayerling the Crown Prince recovered his com-

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posure. To all appearances, it was a lighthearted group that dined by candlelight. Bratfisch sang lilting Tyrolean waltzes. Rudolph smiled over the champagne at beautiful Baroness Vetsera, and her deep-blue eyes sparkled happily.

At last, he raised his glass in a final toast. Prince Philip and Count Hoyos arose to bow a formal good night. Then the Crown Prince and the tiny, bright-eyed Baroness walked out of the room—into an enigma that has baffled the world for more than half a century.

Emperor Franz Joseph attempted to hush up the whole affair, and, in doing so, succeeded in starting a wave of fanciful legends. The true story may be locked in a small, sealed box, placed many years ago in the court of Brünn, then an Austrian possession, along with instructions that it be opened in 1950, when all concerned would be dead.

The casket is believed to contain, among other documents relating to Mayerling, a letter written on the tragic night by Rudolph to his royal mother, the Empress Elizabeth. The key was thrown into the Danube to preserve the secret until the chest should be opened formally by a commission from the Austrian Academy of Sciences.

But Brünn is now the city of Brno, inside Red-controlled Czechoslovakia. And when the Academy last year sought to have the chest returned they were brushed aside by the communist government of Czechoslovakia.

Despite this trick played by fate on the unfortunate lovers, a fairly definite clue to the secret has come down through the years. For Empress Elizabeth, before being assassinated in 1898, revealed the contents of her son's letter to a close friend, Empress Eugenie of France, widow of Napoleon III.

TO UNDERSTAND FULLY the background of this poignant love affair, it is necessary to turn the calendar back to the birth of the Crown Prince. While bells still were tolling, Emperor Franz Joseph delightedly placed the Chain of the Order of the Golden Fleece on his heir's cradle and appointed him honorary colonel of the 19th Hungarian Light Infantry.

Rudolph breathed in politics with his first crying breath. Even as the troopers paraded in honor of their infant Colonel, unrest was sweeping the Dual Empire, with its oppressed hordes of peasants.

With young Rudolph, Franz Joseph was very harsh. Since the boy was delicate, orders were given to drill him in deep snow, to harden him. When he was six, pistols were fired at night in his bedroom. His mother finally was moved to protest, but the Emperor eyed the boy with increasing displeasure.

The rift widened as Rudolph matured, for the Crown Prince opposed the oppression of his willful father. He longed to take an active part in government—and was relegated instead to the ornamental job of laying cornerstones. The masses, seeing a champion in the young Crown Prince, worshiped him, further infuriating his unpopular father.

But, if Rudolph was delicate, he also was energetic, and he began writing newspaper articles which called for freedom and equality. Gay Vienna's court laughed at him. Then, with his marriage at 22 to

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golden-haired Princess Stephanie, daughter of Belgium's King Leopold II, the intense young man's troubles took a new turn.

Bored by politics, the stately Stephanie blamed Rudolph's activities for her lack of social success. Their relations improved when she gave birth to a daughter but worsened when she required an operation that ended all hope of a successor to the throne.

Balked in both politics and matrimony, Rudolph turned to a third field in which his charming manners insured success—women. He toasted each new conquest in champagne, and handed out silver cigarette boxes as souvenirs when the affairs ended. To the Baroness Mary Vetsera—when he finally met her—he gave, significantly, merely a chaste iron ring and bangle inscribed "United in love until death."

IT WAS AT A COURT BALL that Rudolph's roving eye first fell upon the little Baroness. With her pert nose, quivering lips, and clear eyes, she had been lost among the more sophisticated court beauties. Her lush, prematurely developed figure only hinted at her passionate nature.

Mary's widowed mother, hoping to marry the Baroness off to a wealthy husband, hurried the girl away. But next day, the Baroness could not ignore a command to visit Countess Marie Larisch, the Prince's cousin. When she arrived, Rudolph appeared from behind a curtain. As he poured champagne, he asked his pretty guest, "Aren't you afraid to be alone with me?"

"Afraid of the man who wrote those wonderful newspaper articles?" Her eyes were bright. "How brave you must be, to stand alone against the whole court and fight for what you believe right!"

Rudolph took her gently by the hand. She was saying what he had longed to hear from the aloof Stephanie. But had he the right to involve this eager, trusting child in his tangled life? Leading her to the door, he said: "You should not have come here. It was a mistake."

She looked at him uncomprehendingly. Then, understanding that somehow she had been tried and found wanting, she fled.

"Come back!" Rudolph called.

Next moment she was in his arms, weeping and laughing.

It was the start of a deep and dangerous infatuation. Rudolph desperately sought to have his marriage set aside, and the little Baroness dreamed happily of ascending the throne by his side.

The bright dream sustained her until the eve of Mayerling. On that fatal night, according to the Empress Elizabeth, the Crown Prince, alone at last with his sweetheart, groped for words to describe the interview with his father. At last, brusquely, he blurted the truth.

The young Baroness sank to the floor in grief. Rudolph knelt beside her, clasped her closely and showered her with wild, impossible promises. Suddenly he started back. What was it she had said? Dully the Baroness repeated her words. "I'm going to have child. A child! . . ."

When Rudolph's valet knocked on their locked door at 8 o'clock next morning, there was no answer. Alarmed, he summoned Prince Philip and Count Hoyos, and they raised a ladder from the garden. The Baroness lay lifeless in bed,

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crimson marring her white-silk nightdress. Roses had been scattered over her still body.

Sprawled in death alongside her was Rudolph, his head partly shattered by a bullet fired at close range. On the floor lay a pistol. On a small table were several letters written by the couple to relatives.

There also was an ash tray across which the Baroness had scrawled a pathetic last message to her royal lover. "Revolver is better. Not poison. Revolver is surer."

Count Hoyos sped with the news to Vienna. The Emperor was outraged. "Why, he died like a tailor!" Franz Joseph shouted. Then he issued swift orders designed to cover up the double tragedy. Actually, they only made it one of the greatest sensations in history.

All at the lodge were sworn to secrecy, and it was announced that the Prince had suffered a heart attack. Then, with Vienna abuzz, the announcement was hastily changed to say that Rudolph had died in a hunting accident.

Now fantastic rumors began circulating. Rudolph had not died at all, it was whispered, but had procured a mutilated corpse from the morgue with which to impersonate himself while he fled the country and his political enemies. The Baroness, unaware of the plot, had slain herself in despair upon seeing the decoy body.

But for sheer grisliness, few of the wild reports equaled the orders issued by the Emperor in his attempt to conceal the burial of the Baroness. Rudolph's body was borne to Vienna to lie in state. High dignitaries of foreign states paid their respects: thousands of commoners filed tearfully past his bier.

In stark contrast to this imperial pomp, his sweetheart's tiny body was hidden, naked, in a woodshed behind the hunting lodge. With even greater inhumanity, Franz Joseph forbade the girl's mother to see the remains, ordering her deported immediately to Venice.

To two of the girl's uncles went the macabre task of taking her body by night, secretly, to the obscure Cistercian Abbey of Heiligenkreuz for burial. A fur coat was wrapped about the body and she was propped between her uncles in a carriage to give her a semblance of life.

A rude coffin was nailed together for "a small, delicate person." Gravediggers began working by lantern light, but so hard was the frozen ground that they still were digging when the uncles arrived at 3 A. M. with their grim burden.

All the frantic safeguards taken by the haughty Emperor to insure secrecy proved futile. For, in attempting to suppress the truth about his son's death, he gave everlasting life to one of the world's most tender romances and provocative mysteries—one that may never be solved fully until the Iron Curtain rises.

Canine Crosswords (Answers to puzzle on page 93.)

1. Boxer; 2. Poodle; 3. Eskimo; 4. Beagle; 5. Collie; 6. Great Dane; 7. Saint Bernard; 8. Cocker Spaniel; 9. German Shepherd; 10. Boston Terrier.

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Hotel Headaches Cured by MAIL

by CLIVE HOWARD

A remarkable Association solves thousands of tricky problems for its members

NOT LONG AGO, the management of a swank Chicago hotel faced a serious problem. Soon after the lobby and dining-room furniture had been recovered with a plastic fabric, guests began complaining that it soiled their clothing. Some protested indignantly that the furniture also gave off strong electrical shocks; a few threatened lawsuits.

The management redoubled its efforts to keep the furniture safe and clean. It even tried grounding the furniture with concealed wires. But the complaints mounted, and in direct ratio to the number of times the furniture was dusted.

The Chicago hotel manager clipped a small piece of the plastic covering and sent it air express to the headquarters of the American Hotel Association in New York City, setting in motion the wheels of a fact-finding system which every year solves a fantastic assortment of some 20,000 problems for the 6,000 hotels and inns comprising the Association's membership.

Many of the questions can be solved in a few minutes and at little expense by the Association's Research and Product Testing Bureau, in whose voluminous files can be found the answers to 10,000 problems ranging from how to remove lipstick stains from wallpaper to an inexpensive and harmless method of discouraging bats from nesting in an attic. Other problems requiring long and expensive scientific detective work go to the laboratories of the York Research Corporation at Stamford, Connecticut, where expert chemists and engineers must find the answers.

There, research chemists put the Chicago hotel's sample of plastic through dozens of tests. They knew

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that the mere motion of dusting the plastic surface generated static electricity, which in turn attracted more particles of dust from the air, as a magnet attracts splinters of steel. The same action supplied the miniature bolt of electricity which had caused threats of lawsuits.

Then began the long search for something that would do an efficient job of cleaning the plastic. One by one, dozens of compounds were tested. None worked. Finally, while testing a floor wax which wasn't even on the market yet, the chemists turned up the first clue. By some accident of chemistry, the wax eliminated static electricity. Unfortunately, on this type of plastic surface the wax caused extensive damage.

The chemists finally found a similar ingredient that eliminated static but did not damage the surface. The product was rushed to Chicago, and the hotel's problem was solved.

How much money such relentless detective work has saved for hotels, no one can guess. But hotels comprise the nation's seventh largest industry and in one year their owners spent some five million on upholstery fabrics, ten million on blankets, seven million on bedsheets, a million on vacuum cleaners, and nearly as much on coat hangers.

Mostly, the problems of the average owner are like those of the average housewife—multiplied a hundred or a thousand times. A classic illustration of this took place at a resort hotel which was losing $10,000 worth of silverware every year, tossed into the refuse by mistake. The hotel finally began to screen the refuse to recover the lost silverware.

But there was the problem of restoring the gleaming surface of the silverware, now tarnished almost black. Ordinary polish was impractical, since polishing each piece separately was too time-consuming.

Then, in a matter of hours, the silver was back in use, bright and shining. Kitchen employees had merely immersed it in the salted water in which potatoes had been boiled—making sure each piece came in contact with the aluminum container. A telegram from the York laboratories had solved the problem.

LIKE THE AMERICAN housewife, the hotel industry is a standing target for fly-by-night promoters of "miracle" products. Formerly, a hotel owner could only go by the salesman's claims. Nowadays, members of the Association merely send the product to the Research Bureau and ask, in effect: "Will this do what the manufacturer claims?"

Often, the answer is a flat no. Recently, several hotel managers sent the Stamford laboratory samples of a liquid insecticide guaranteed to rid hotels of all types of insects. Back came the report.

"An insect walking through this 'bug-killer,'" the chemist said, "would end up healthier than ever. About the only way an insect could be killed by this product would be if he fell into an open container and drowned before help arrived. But at $200 a vat, this is a rather expensive way of killing insects."

Incidents of this kind caused the Hotel Association to embark on its own research program in 1938. The first laboratory boasted only one employee—a chemist experienced in hotel maintenance. Then, as the number of products to be tested and the problems calling for solution

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multiplied, the Association retained the York Research Corporation, headed by Holcomb York, one of the country's outstanding researchers.

New problems, at the rate of 20,000 a year, come to the Hotel Association headquarters, along with such items as a mildewed windowshade, a can of fire-retarding paint, a mysteriously stained tablecloth, dozens of samples of linoleum, tile, and porcelain; even, in one case, a dead beetle wrapped in a paper napkin and, along with it, a necktie riddled with holes.

The last-named package had come from a worried Boston hotel manager. One morning an irate guest appeared, carrying the necktie and the beetle. The insect, the patron claimed, had ruined the necktie. The manager placated the guest with the price of a new tie, then he sent the necktie and beetle to York researchers. The guilty bug was identified as a species of carpet beetle which was not common in the Northeast section of the U.S.

The laboratory warned the hotel manager to check his rugs and carpets, with special emphasis on underpadding. The underpads were found literally aswarm with the same beetles. In a matter of days, the insects would have invaded the rugs, causing tremendous damage.

Only rarely have the research people been forced to admit defeat, but sometimes the staff is inclined to believe its prowess has been vastly overrated.

Recently, for instance, New York headquarters received a query from two brothers, co-owners of a hotel in the South, concerning tuna-fish salad. One insisted the salad should be served with Saturday dinners. The other maintained Sunday was a better day.

The research workers were stumped. "We can predict—to within a few hundred dollars—how many hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of soap guests will use up next year," says Charles A. Horrworth, executive vice-president of the American Hotel Association. "And we can make an accurate guess as to the amount of chinaware that will be broken in a year. But we haven't yet found a way to predict the vagaries of the human appetite for tuna fish on a Saturday or a Sunday evening."

Cross Stitch

THE OZARK MOUNTAINEER is a rugged individual. One day a hardy member of the clan came down to a hospital in Little Rock and had his appendix removed. The following morning his doctor found him sitting up in his chair, hugging the steam radiator.

"Man alive!" the medic cried. "You shouldn't be sitting up. You'll tear your stitches out!"

The patient regarded the physician reproachfully. "What's the matter, doc?" he grunted. "Ain't the thread no good?" —ANDREW MEREDITH

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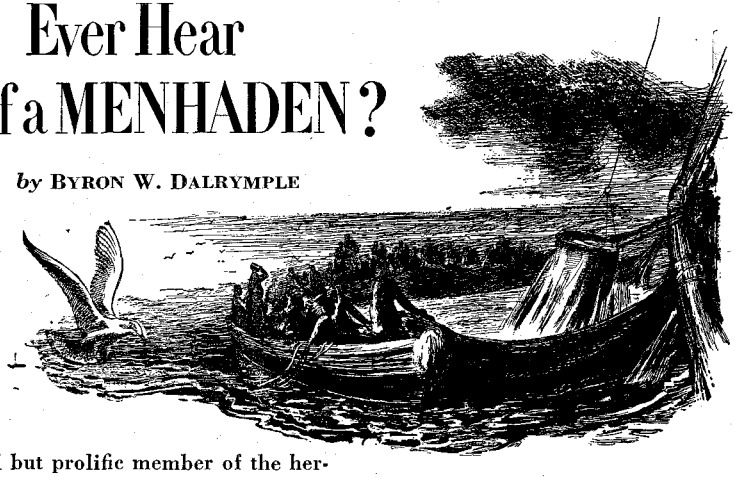
Ever Hear of a MENHADEN?

by BYRON W. DALRYMPLE



A small but prolific member of the herring family is rich in oil and minerals and a mainstay of the fishing industry

THOUGH THERE ARE more than 20 million sport fishermen in the U. S., none of them ever catches our most important fish. Few people ever eat it, yet it is the top commercial catch of the fisheries industry, with more than a *billion pounds* taken annually.

To only a comparatively few people would its name mean anything. No more than that would recognize it if they came face to face with it. Yet at this very moment this practically unknown fish is helping to make life cleaner, brighter, and more comfortable in almost every home in America.

Its name is the menhaden, and it is as modest in appearance as it is self-effacing about the part it plays in your everyday life. Belonging to the herring family, the silvery little fellow grows up to a pound in weight and a foot in length.

Nature unwittingly gave the menhaden a shove toward his curious stardom by making him one of the most prolific of life forms. The number of menhaden swarming in vast schools along our Atlantic and Gulf coasts is almost unbelievable.

Early American folklore and legend are filled with references to menhaden abundance. Eye-witness accounts tell of menhaden shoals packed tightly down to a depth of five feet below the surface.

Picture a menhaden boat putting out to sea. Presently a lookout sights a shoal of fish so immense that its far edges are lost in the distance. Sea birds by hundreds have gathered above it and the water boils as they plunge into the surfacing mass. Down below the shoal hundreds of larger fish rip into the near-solid mass of menhaden in a frenzy of feeding.

Now the boat slips in and surrounds the school with its net. Even when they are attacked from top, bottom, and every side, nothing appears to make the slightest impression upon the numbers of fish. When

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the net is lifted, it may contain anywhere from 50,000 to 500,000 menhaden. Yet the birds and the larger fish continue their feeding unabated, and the distant surface is still broken by the wild milling of the immense concentration.

Bluefish and porpoises have been known to herd a school of menhaden into shallow water. The push of countless thousands behind forces the forward portion up onto the beach until they are knee-deep.

Grandfather's Tales, a book published in 1901, goes all out in a pleasant exaggeration: "Sometimes the mass is so compact that fishermen have unshipped their rudder, placed it upon the fish, and stood upon it in the open sea."

Actually, nature never intended the menhaden to star in the human scheme of things. She seems to have fashioned him expressly as forage for other, larger fishes in her pyramid process of species. But if the larger always feed upon the smaller, who feeds the menhaden?

Scoop up a few gallons of sea water and whirl it at high speed through a centrifuge and you strain out a tiny amount of greenish debris. Put minute portions of this under a microscope and you will be amazed at the world you discover. On a single slide you might identify dozens of different species of infinitesimal plants and animals.

As a group, this vast world of life is called plankton. And here is where the fabulous menhaden holds the key to life in the ocean. Attached to his gills are tiny strainers capable of filtering plankton from sea water. Since plankton is rich in basic chemicals, the menhaden become extremely fat and oily. The Indians placed one of these fish in each hill of maize when they planted. In fact, the name "menhaden" is Indian, and means "fish that enriches the earth."

But early colonists wanted no part of it for fertilizer, for fish oil was rank on their lands. However, the pioneer Americans needed many things, and one of those things was oil. They began to suspect that if they could get enough menhaden together and extract the oil, their lubrication and illumination problems would be solved.

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL menhaden oil ventures was set up on the coast of Rhode Island. Huge barrels of fish were covered with water, weights were placed in the barrel tops to press the mass down, and the containers were left in the sun. The oil rose to the top and was skimmed off, amid staggering fumes.

Those pioneers, who probably hated the menhaden more fiercely with every vat of oil collected, had started something. Over the years, more and more uses were found for menhaden oil. And in modern times, great extracting plants were built, where the stench could be lessened by swift mechanical handling of the fish.

Today, almost every person in the U. S. uses menhaden products in one form or another. The oil is utilized in soap, and as an ingredient of paint and varnish. Many insect sprays use it for a base. Inks for printing contain it. The machinery in many factories is lubricated with it. It is employed in the tanning of leather, in the making of steel and aluminum castings.

The waterproofing used on much

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Meds ❀ Meds ❀ Meds ❀

wearing apparel is composed partly of menhaden oil. Caulking compounds, synthetic-rubber products, certain textiles, and dozens of other products are in various ways dependent upon the fat of this small, silvery fish.

But the oil is only the first product. Once it is extracted the residue is still rich in many minerals, and becomes palatable to stock and poultry. This residue, ground into meal and dried, goes to farmers all over the U. S. The bacon you eat, the eggs you cook for breakfast, the roast on your Sunday dinner table, all of them were probably made better and richer by menhaden meal. Rich fertilizer is also processed from part of the residue.

Often without knowing it, thousands of salt-water sport fishermen bait their hooks with the menhaden year in and year out, for the menhaden has a long list of colloquial names. It is variously called an old-wife, a pogie, a mossbunker, a fat-back, a greentail, an alewife, a chebog—and better than 50 other odd and confused names.

No matter what you call it, however, the menhaden is a tremendously vital cog in our economy, being netted in greater quantity than any other single fish. Meanwhile, it keeps right on spawning, with the tremendous take seeming hardly to make a dent in the numbers of this important fish that no one knows.

In the Soup

THE CUSTOMER in the crowded restaurant rapped repeatedly for the waiter. After some time the latter stopped beside him, a heavily laden tray on one palm. "What's the trouble, sir?"

"I think there's a fly in my soup."

"Well, make up your mind—I haven't time for rumors!"

—ELEANOR C. WOOD

IN FRANCE during World War I, an American general met two soldiers one day carrying a large caldron from a field kitchen. "Here you," he ordered, "let me taste what's in that!"

"But, General —" one of the soldiers began.

"Don't give me any buts," was the stern reply. "Get me a spoon."

When the spoon was given him, the general took one taste and immediately spat the mouthful out. "You don't call that stuff soup, do you?" he roared.

"No, sir!" the soldier answered. "That's what I was trying to tell you. It's dishwater from mess kits, sir!"—JAMES KELLER, *One Moment Please* (Doubleday)

A TIRED-LOOKING man walked into a restaurant, handed the waiter two vitamin pills, and asked him to dissolve them in a bowl of clam chowder. After a long interval he asked the waiter why he hadn't been served yet.

"You'll get your soup, sir," said the waiter, "as soon as we get the clams to lie down." —H. L. SMITH

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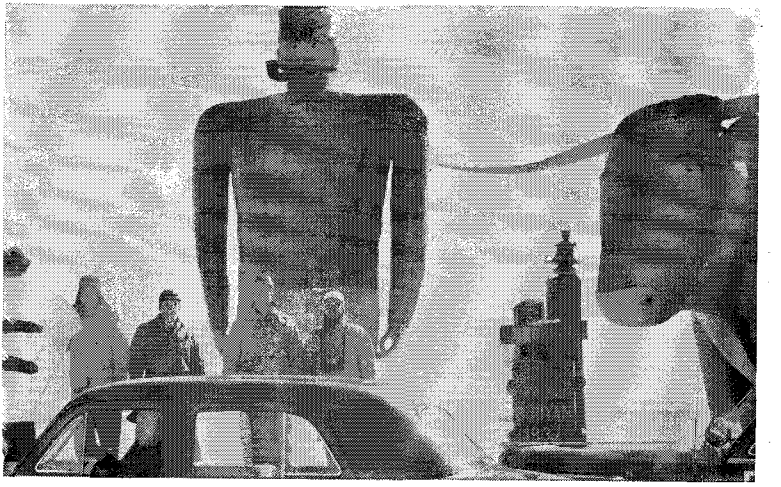

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MEXICO'S Mecca for Tourist Trade

by CARLE HODGE

You're likely to meet almost anybody, you can buy almost anything, at Sanborns

FOR THE VISITOR or the resident in Mexico City, one of the town's busiest businesses is a prosperous bilingual store called Sanborns. It sprang, back in 1903, from a Yankee sportsman's hunt for a place to hunt. In the next 40 years, it grew from a shop in an ancient palace into a global rendezvous. Today, anybody is apt to meet anybody there—at any time.

Not long ago, two Wisconsin housewives, schoolmates who had not met in years, happened upon one another in the 350-year-old mansion which is Sanborns showplace store. This surprised the American ladies, who lived a scant 30 miles apart back home. But it was no news to the American-owned Sanborns. Peso-pinching tourists from the States, phony princes from Europe, and local blue bloods jingle its cash register daily. Celebrities from Enrico Caruso to Paulette Goddard have crowded in to buy postcards or aspirin or tortillas—or merely to gape at the other gapers. They could have purchased anything from Paris gowns to native hand-wrought silver sets—worth 25,000 pesos.

The Californian who started this thriving tribute to Yankee enterprise and friendliness was Frank Sanborn, a canny young man with the trim body of an athlete. In 1903, he was working as a salesman when his older brother Walter, a pharmacist in Mexico City, suggested that they start a drugstore together.

Walter slyly stacked his cards. He knew his brother's love for shooting, so he extolled Mexico as a happy hunting ground. Frank,

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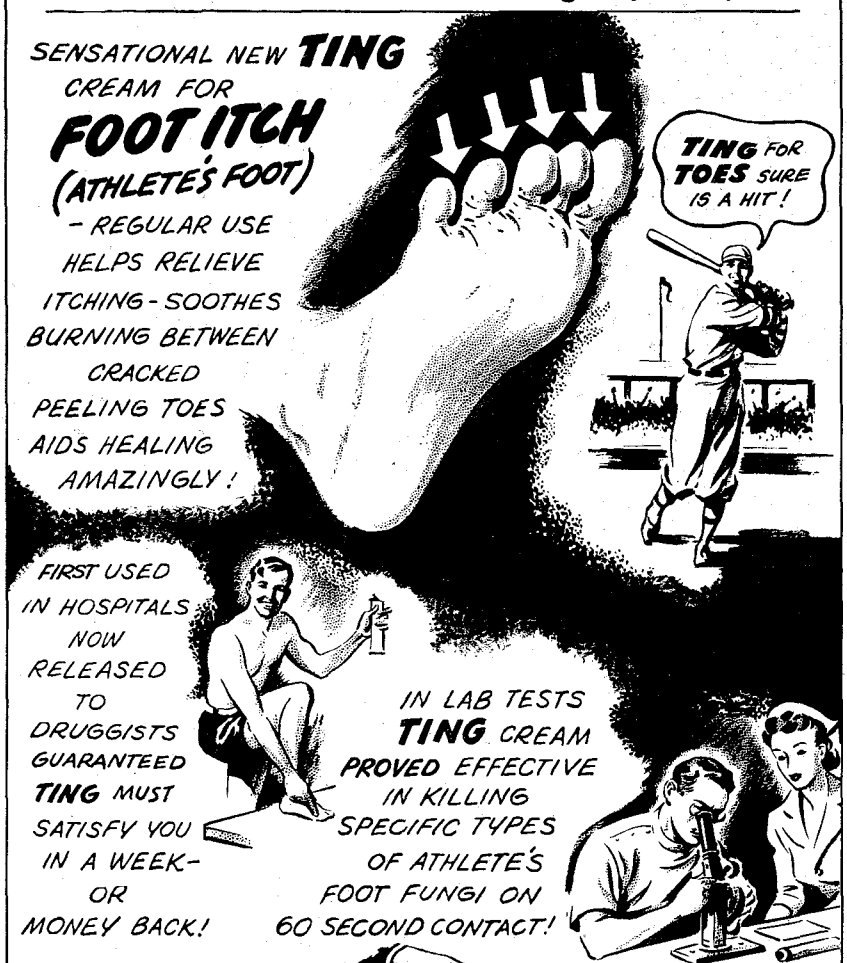
AMAZING THING! By Cooper

SENSATIONAL NEW **TING** CREAM FOR **FOOT ITCH** (ATHLETE'S FOOT) – REGULAR USE HELPS RELIEVE ITCHING - SOOTHES BURNING BETWEEN CRACKED PEELING TOES AIDS HEALING AMAZINGLY!



FIRST USED IN HOSPITALS NOW RELEASED TO DRUGGISTS GUARANTEED **TING** MUST SATISFY YOU IN A WEEK– OR MONEY BACK!

IN LAB TESTS **TING** CREAM **PROVED** EFFECTIVE IN KILLING SPECIFIC TYPES OF ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON 60 SECOND CONTACT!

EVEN IF OTHER PRODUCTS HAVE FAILED TRY AMAZING **TING** TODAY! GREASELESS, STAINLESS! ALL DRUGGISTS ONLY **60¢**

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it turned out, liked "south-of-the-border" hunting so well that, as he later quipped, "I had to start a soda fountain to support myself."

Sanborn Hermanos, or Sanborn Brothers as the 48-year-old company is still called, opened that year in a cubbyhole on fashionable downtown Avenida Madero.

The firm was sold five years ago to a group of Mexican and American investors, including the Walgreen Drugstore chain, which now directs Sanborn operations. The new owners have been careful to retain the glamour and historic atmosphere for which Sanborns is internationally known.

At the start, however, natives looked warily at Frank Sanborn's soda fountain. But since most Mexican ice cream tastes like buttery ice, his sodas were a quick hit. To insure cleanliness, the store imported the country's first cream separator and later its own herd of cattle. Now Sanborn ice cream is flown to dealers throughout Mexico.

Back in the early days, the local doctors liked another Sanborn act —the country's first free bicycle delivery service for drugs. But then there was that old bogie, the octopus-like German cartel. German drug makers poured their products onto the Mexican market at a hodgepodge of prices. By encouraging Mexican druggists to buy on credit, they soon owned many a small storekeeper.

Sanborns, however, peddled only standard U. S. pharmaceuticals at standard prices. When it began to bite off a slice of the Mexican trade, the Germans got busy. One firm ordered from the States more of one Sanborn-sold brand than Mexico could have absorbed in years.

Frank rushed to New York. There he convinced the manufacturer that his competitor's aim was simply to glut the market at cut-throat prices. That way, the Germans could drive American-made drugs from Mexico. The manufacturer rejected the order. Thus, Sanborn Hermanos became a modern-day medicine man to all Mexico.

SOON AFTER the Sanborn brothers moved into Avenida Madero, the little store began to bulge. More space was needed. What happened then was two parts luck and ten parts shrewd business.

Just down the avenue was a musty old two-story mansion, said to have been built late in the 1500s. Inside, cobwebs entwined the carved stones and a great staircase. Outside, grime clung to bronze railings and colored tiles.

Before they moved in, the Sanborns carefully restored the old house. Over the mammoth staircase, Jose Clemente Orozco, the muralist, painted one of his most famous works, *Omniscience*.

For their new home, the brothers got half a block more room, plus a historic show place that was a first-class tourist lure. Today, Sanborns is as much an attraction as the Floating Gardens at Xochimilco and the Bellas Artes culture center, two great tourist attractions.

Frank Sanborn eyed the patio for a restaurant. Business always had boomed at his little soda fountain, and he felt a full-scale restaurant would thrive. He was right. It probably was the dining room, serving more than 100,000 meals a month, which won Sanborns its

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Medal of Honor

Private First Class Melvin Brown, of Mahaffey, Pennsylvania—Medal of Honor for valor in action near Kasan, Korea, September 4, 1950. Stubbornly holding an advanced position atop a wall, Pfc. Brown stood off attacking North Koreans until all his rifle ammunition and grenades were gone. When last seen he was still fighting—with only an entrenching shovel for a weapon—rather than give up an inch of ground.

Never forget the devotion of Melvin Brown!

Now, this very day, you can help make safer the land he served so far "above and beyond the call of duty." Whoever you are, wherever you are, you can begin buying more . . . and more . . . and more United States Defense* Bonds. For every time you buy a bond you're helping keep solid and stable and strong the country for which Private Brown gave everything he had.

And remember that *strength* for America can mean *peace* for America —so that boys like Melvin Brown may never have to fight again.

For the sake of Private First Class Melvin Brown and all our servicemen—*for your own boy*—buy more United States Defense Bonds—now. Defense is your job, too!

Don't forget that now *every Series E Bond you own* automatically goes on earning interest for 20 years from date of purchase instead of 10 as before. This means, for example, that a Bond you bought for $18.75 can return you not just $25 but as much as $33.33! Buy Bonds now!

U.S. Savings Bonds are Defense Bonds - Buy them regularly!

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greatest renown. Tables spread across the red tile-floored courtyard seat 250. Yet between 1 and 3 P.M. when Mexicans eat a whopping big lunch, there is a wait for tables.

With plenty of room in the House of Tiles, Sanborns was ready for the great flood of Yankee tourists that began in the early '30s. More departments were added. A corner of the second floor became the Salon de Modas, chiefly selling expensive clothes for women. Sanborns' buyers became familiar in the style marts of Paris and Fifth Avenue.

One of the busiest clusters of counters was born almost out of sheer chance. Frank Sanborn, collecting antique silver for himself in the '20s, wanted a piece duplicated. It shocked him that he had to hunt hard for a worker who could do it, for Mexico had been one of the world's great silver lodes. Yet silversmithing was fast becoming a lost art.

Fascinated, he began to ferret out families whose hereditary trade had been silverwork. As he found them—150 workers—he bargained: they would shape articles from the metal, he would sell them. Then he found leather craftsmen, weavers, and potters—and Sanborns' handicraft shop was in business.

In 1936, Sanborns unveiled its information desk for tourists. Its staff has enough information to stuff a dozen guidebooks. Still, some of the questions startle even them: "What time do the Indians go to sleep?" "Do the Floating Gardens float on Sunday?" And—"Where's Sanborns?"

Every Sanborn clerk speaks, with varying success, both Spanish and English; and he must be a diplomat in each. But surely the smoothest diplomat of all was Frank Sanborn, whose prescription for success in Mexico was that of any good drugstore proprietor anywhere: reliability and hospitality.

He would hail strangers in two languages. He would scamper off into the kitchen, perhaps carrying a tray of dishes, to serve up a special Mexican dish for a curious visitor. Eventually, he could take off four months a year for buying trips for the store—or simply to go hunting.

By the time he retired at 76, his little drug and soda shop had grown into a mammoth merchant that sold to more than 2,000,000 customers a year everything from soup (bean) to nuts (piñones). But the annual turnover of $4,000,000 in goods never failed to mystify him.

"After all," he liked to say with a smile, "all we wanted to do was run a good drugstore."

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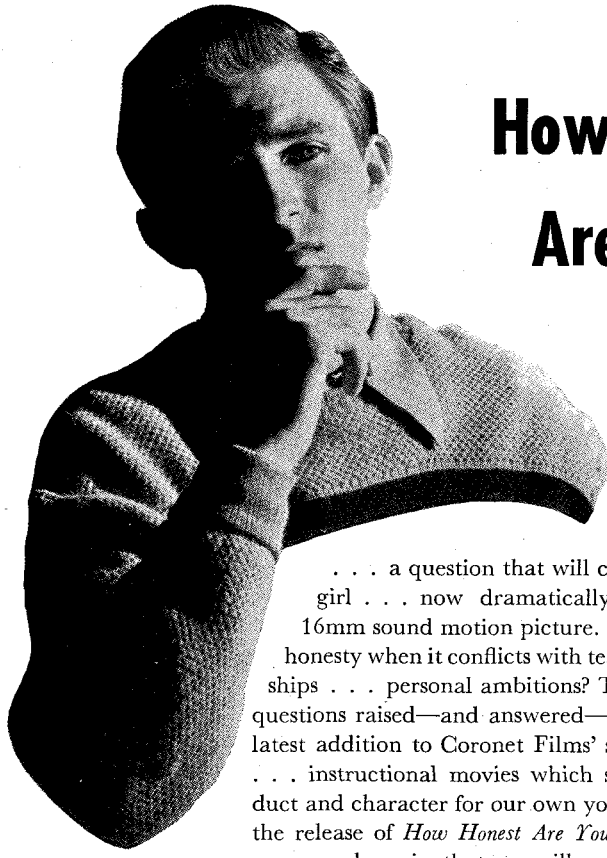

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Tom Corbett, Space Cadet 3
Mon., Wed., Fri. 6:30 pm
Kellogg Co.

The Lone Ranger 4
Thursday 7:30 pm
General Mills, Inc.

Paul Whiteman TV Teen Club 5
Saturday 8 pm
Nash-Kelvinator

Space Patrol 6
Saturday 6 pm
Ralston-Purina Co.

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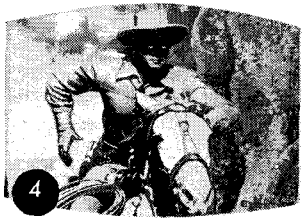
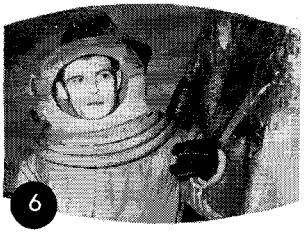
and strictly stupendous !

It's all on ABC TELEVISION





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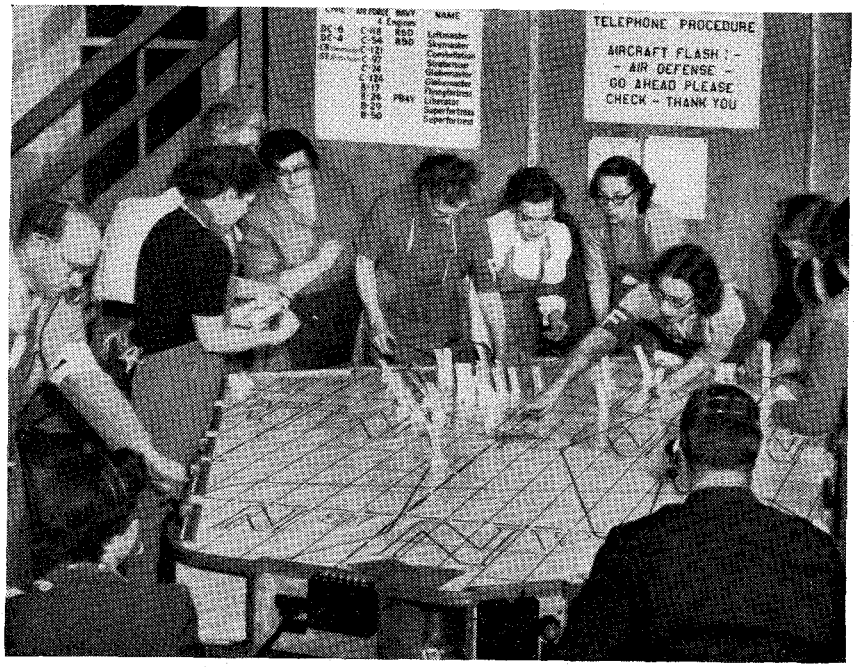

AIR RAID WARNING SYSTEM — The Bell System is providing nationwide communication facilities for defense at the request of military authorities. The photograph shows aircraft movements being mapped in a Civilian Defense "filter" center, as reports from strategic observation posts are received by telephone.

The Telephone Is a Vital Link in Civilian Defense

The Nation's air raid warning system is just one of many ways in which the Bell System is spending millions of dollars to help make this country strong and safe. Civilian Defense is based on quick communications and the telephone is a vital, indispensable link in it.

Defense is our No. 1 job and we are giving it first call on new construction and facilities. We know you would want it that way.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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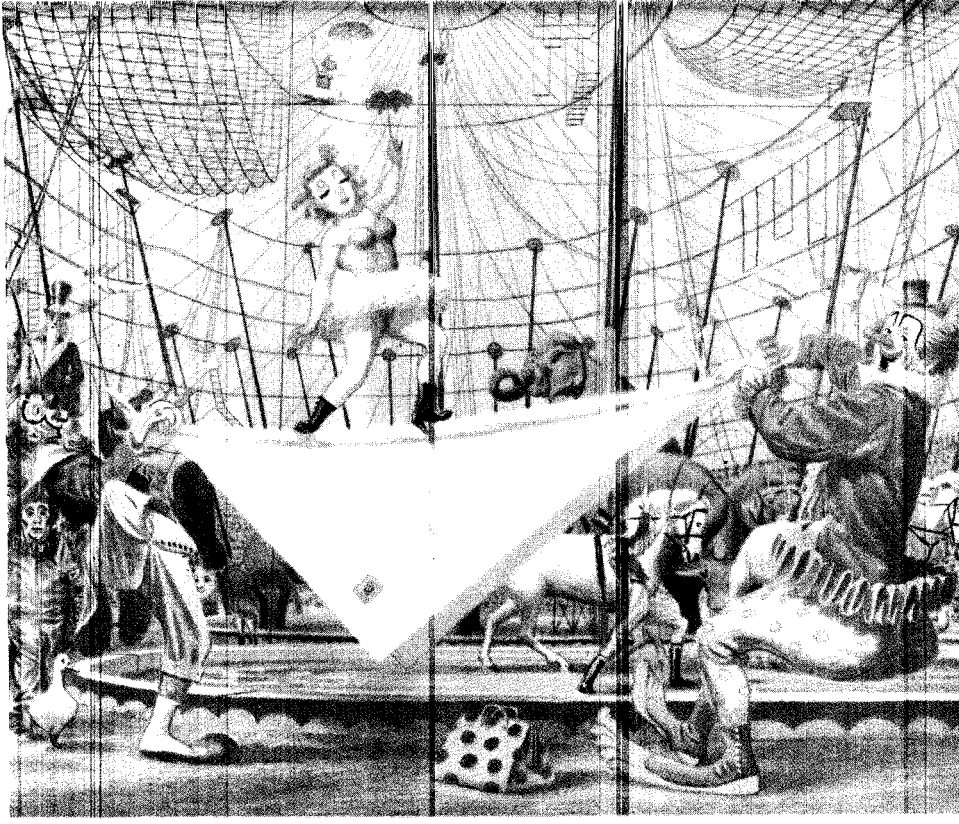
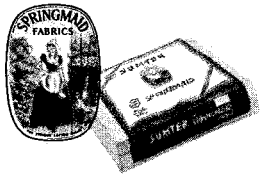


You can't stretch a Good Thing too far!

High-wire Hannah is the sensation of the Big Top because everybody knows that if the high wire goes haywire, Hannah's name will be sawdust. But Midget Molly only gets a laugh because everybody knows she can't go wrong on a SPRINGMAID® sheet. Everybody knows, too, how thrifty it is to use SPRINGMAIDS. After more than four hundred performances* (even with washing and ironing between each act) Molly's SPRINGMAID sheet will keep its shape better than Molly, and still have more bounce than the trained kangaroo. Don't be a rube—buy SPRINGMAID and act on your own!

*We sent sheets to an independent testing laboratory, and had them washed 400 times and abraded 100 times warpwise and 100 times fillingwise. The sheets were still usable and, if properly ironed, could pass for new sheets.



The Springs Cotton Mills, Lancaster, South Carolina

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Now ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS *has designed a brand new sport shirt in the* SPRINGMAID *Harem print . . . featuring the famous* SPRINGMAID *girls in a colorful Oriental setting. Sizes: small, medium, medium-large and large. On sale at better retail stores for $3.95. Also* SPRINGMAID *Sports Cap for men or women—Sizes: 6⅜ through 7½—$1.00.*

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Why did you change to CAMELS, LISA KIRK

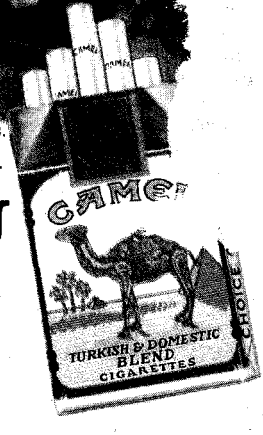
"...because Camels have everything—mildness that agrees with my throat—and rare flavor I never found in any other cigarette!"
LISA KIRK
Broadway Singing Star.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORT ON 30-DAY TEST OF CAMEL SMOKERS—

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS

Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after making weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 days.



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